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DES MOINES SPEECH.

"LET us labor for security of free thought, free speech, free press, pure morals, unfettered religious sentiments, and equal rights and privileges for all men, irrespective of nationality, color, or religion; encourage free schools; resolve that not one dollar appropriated to them shall go to the support of any sectarian school; resolve that neither State nor nation shall support any institution save those where every child may get common-school education, unmixed with any atheistic, pagan, or sectarian teaching; leave the matter of religious teaching to the family altar, and keep Church and State forever separate.

"U. S. GRANT."

OUR MODERN ULYSSES ON HIS TRAVELS.

ULYSSES. "I say, Neptune, all Grecian History need not repeat itself; therefore you had better not land me there."

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1879.

☞ *The* ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT *sent out gratuitously with this Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY *contains a series of spirited Sketches of "Tiger-hunting in Lower Bengal," and other popular and attractive features.*

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THE STATE OF PARTIES.

THE late dinner at the Lotus Club, at which men of all parties cheerfully hobnobbed together and bantered each other upon political differences, was a fair illustration of the actual political situation. There is a general lull in politics, and only the most languid interest in the various movements for party advantage which are going on. The only ripples on the stagnant surface of affairs are the various little efforts of gentlemen who are supposed to be candidates for the Presidential nomination to say nothing, and to do nothing which may compromise their chances. Mr. CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS points out in his eulogy on Mr. SEWARD that as formerly the Presidency was held to be the reward of conspicuous public service, the present method of securing a nomination seems to be avoidance of "a record." The availability of a candidate seems to mean that he has said and done nothing to which any body can object, and hence we see gentlemen of distinction and ability incessantly dancing among eggs, and instead of showing that they have strong opinions upon mooted questions, and strongly stating them, they talk platitudes and "buncombe." The moment that a man perceives himself to be a possible or probable candidate he assumes a tone and an air which make every intelligent citizen in the country receive what he says and does with amused incredulity. He sends handsome contributions to Roman Catholic fairs; he talks non-partisan wisdom at agricultural meetings; he dispatches safe generalities to Jacksonian associations. Every thing that he does has, as it were, a thoughtful eye upon the Convention, and there are rumors of arrangements and organizations to secure this and that delegation. There is so much of this kind of thing going on that Professor VON HOLST, the author of the *Constitutional History of the United States*, who is now in the country pursuing his researches, may well wonder whether the American theory has already broken down, so that the candidate is not the citizen whose conspicuous service naturally commands the preference, but the clever manager who succeeds in manipulating the Convention.

It is, however, instructive to observe that, as a rule, those who plan, and "lay pipe," and consult, and consider, and "leave nothing undone," generally fail to secure the nomination. The only striking instance since that of Mr. BUCHANAN of a politician steadily working to get it and actually obtaining it is that of Mr. TILDEN. He shaped his career as Governor of New York with a view to the Presidential nomination, and he secured it. But the result was due less to his management than to the fortunate political and general situation. Except for that, Mr. TILDEN would have failed like the rest. There is nothing in experience, therefore, to encourage the "shifty" vigilance of the candidates to avoid committing themselves, or to raise the cry of some passing whim as the great principle of a contest. If Mr. THURMAN had adhered steadfastly to the Jacksonian doctrine of hard money instead of coquetting with inflation, and if Mr. CONKLING had spoken in the Senate when it was his duty to speak instead of waiting until speaking was necessary to secure his re-election as Senator, they would not have lessened their chances of the Presidential nomination from their respective parties. It is pitiful to think what a vast amount of pains is lost despite the most instructive experience. Nothing political on either side now occurs which is not at once understood to be a movement showing how "devilish sly" is the Joey B. of one side or the other; and the public gazes uninterestedly, wondering what unknown competitor will at the last moment ride into the lists and bear away the prize from these masters of busy schemes. This situation is the more pronounced because in a time when parties mainly represent traditions personal politics become more prominent. And that our present party significance is chiefly traditional will not be denied. The Republican party is unquestionably very strong, but there is not one real question upon which there are not many Democrats in cordial accord with it, while there are most inconsistent opinions held within its own pale. The same thing is no less true of the Democratic party. Neither party is a unit upon any vital issue. It is not a unit as the Whig party was upon the general question of banks, a tariff, and internal improvements, as the Democratic party was a unit upon the removal of the deposits, upon the non-chartering of a bank, and upon hard money, or as the Republican party was a unit upon the non-extension of slavery or the uncompromising prosecution of the war. Both of the great parties now represent traditions and tendencies, not progressive policies. Nobody can pretend to say what the Democratic party would do if it should obtain complete control, except that it would make a clean sweep of the offices and call it reform. That it would really reform any thing, that it would improve the customs laws, confirm resumption, modify the tariff, agitate payment of Southern claims, improve the Indian service, reduce taxation, simplify administration, not only nobody knows, but nobody, except he be a Democrat, believes.

That is to say, the Republican party is in power, and the Democratic party represents nothing whatever but a personal change, not a system of measures, not a national policy. The decisive vote, therefore, will be determined by party traditions and tendencies. The question in 1880 will really be whether, upon the whole, considering the events of twenty years, considering human nature and the force of party passion, the public peace and prosperity are more likely to be promoted by intrusting the government to a party made up as the Democratic party is, strong chiefly in the Southern States, with its "record" and its gravitations and its necessities, or to one composed as the Republican party is, with its traditions and its essential character. This, of course, is not the best or the most normal situation. An election plainly ought not to turn upon the greater or less degree of confidence in parties, but upon the comparative wisdom and advantage of the general policy proposed by them. But the situation must be taken as it is, and votes must be governed accordingly. A late Washington letter in the *Herald* describes a leading Republican politician as mourning that the party simply maintains the *status quo*, and does not advance. He wishes somebody would "lead" it and give it a forward impulse; but, as the letter-writer says, the complainant has himself not the pluck to do it, although he says the man who would do it would command the nomination. The reason is that he does not himself believe what he says. To give the party a forward impulse is to divide it at once. Let it declare itself uncompromisingly a national hard-money party on the New York, Massachusetts, or Connecticut platform of last year, or for a non-partisan civil service, or for a protective tariff, or for whatever positive policy it might choose, and it would instantly begin to break. Both parties maintain themselves by refusing to have a positive policy, and by clinging to their traditions. In this position they will probably enter upon the election of 1880, and the advantage will be greatly with the Republicans, because their standing with those whose votes will control has been much strengthened by this Administration. The anti-Republican arguments which were strong in 1876 will be pointless in 1880. But there are no new ones.

A DUTY OF CONGRESS.

THAT Mr. EDMUNDS's Electoral Bill received but three Democratic votes in the Senate, although one of them was the weightiest Democratic vote in that chamber, showed that the question of determining the election was to be made a party question, and it is not surprising, therefore, to learn that the committee of the House has decided to report adversely upon Mr. EDMUNDS's bill, and to support Mr. SOUTHARD's. Upon the essential point of a dispute, Mr. SOUTHARD's bill provides that the judicial decision of the State shall be final unless reversed by the vote of both Houses of Congress, and that if there be two decisions, each claiming to be valid and chief, that one of the two which both Houses accept shall be conclusive. If there be a controversy and no judicial decision, the contested vote shall not be counted without the consent of both Houses. We can see no advantage in this bill over the propositions of Mr. EDMUNDS, and that his plan should have been made a party question recalls the reply of Mr. EDWARD DICEY to the late Copyright Commission in England, that if a proposition for international copyright between England and America should be made in the United States, it would instantly become a party question, and be favored or opposed according to the party character of those who first made the proposition.

Mr. BAYARD is said to have remarked of Mr. SOUTHARD's plan that it does not meet some of the chief difficulties of the situation, such, for instance, as the function of the Vice-President. Under the loose wording of the constitutional clause as it stands this could be the source of very great peril. The present provision is that certified lists of votes shall be sent to the President of the Senate, who shall open all the certificates, and the votes shall then be counted. This is all that relates to the Vice-President. But if two or twenty certified lists of different votes are sent to him from a State, what is to be done? May he decide among them? Must he open all papers purporting to be certificates of votes, and must such votes be counted? If not, who is to determine, and by what authority? Those who insist that "the Constitution is enough" are either ignorant that the Constitution does not settle these vital points, or else they propose to run for luck. Excellent arguments, as we know from ample experience, may be made on both sides. But the business of Congress is to decide what shall be done.

We trust that General GARFIELD and the Republicans, Mr. HEWITT and the Democrats, in the House, will refuse to allow so purely patriotic and necessary a bill to be made a party measure. It is merely a provision for the avoidance of very grave dangers in a most vital part of our political system—dangers long foreseen and verified by appalling experience. A constitutional change may be desirable, but that is not now practicable in time for the next election, and yet it is in no way imperilled by a present remedy of proved evils. That is what legislation at this session may provide, and that is the object of the bills presented. The subject was carefully and admirably treated in Mr. MORTON's report of May, 1874, which is a good illustration of his peculiar sagacity and ability. He foresaw clearly, as all intelligent publicists have foreseen, the very kind of perils that appeared in 1876—perils for which a simple and easy provision is found in a very few regulations. There could never be a better time than this for the adjustment. There is no violent party feeling. The issues upon which the election of 1880 is to be joined are not as yet apparent, and there is a universal conviction that the matter should be arranged during this session. Moreover, republican character itself suffers if, after such an experience of the necessity of legislation, legislation is delayed.

THE CIPHER INVESTIGATION.

IT is decided that the cipher dispatches are to be investigated. The nature of the charges involved in them, however, is such that if there had been any satisfactory explanation of them, it would have been made at once. The reply which Mr. MARBLE made after long hesitation was a confession that no adequate reply was possible. The disclaimer of Mr. TILDEN was also long delayed, and undoubtedly impressed the public, when taken in connection with what was known of his conduct, as technically conclusive, but unsatisfactory. The country was bound to take his word that he knew nothing of them, but how it was possible for him, of all men, at that time, not to know the most important things that his most confidential agents were doing, or how, when the fact that they were engaged in great crimes on his behalf was brought to his knowledge, he was neither surprised nor indignant, and apparently cared to do nothing, certainly tried to do nothing, to clear up the mystery—all this has persuaded the country that there were very extraordinary proceedings, of which, under the circumstances, if he were not cognizant, it is very fortunate that the plot miscarried, and so prevented his accession to the Presidency. It is too late to urge on behalf of Messrs. PELTON, MARBLE, WEED, and company that every body is to be held innocent until proved to be guilty. For many months they have been daily and publicly charged, upon evidence apparently conclusive, with attempting to buy the Presidential decision, and they knew that it was not a case in which they could plead that it was a charge of party spite which they were not bound to regard. All that was necessary—but it was imperative—was that they should deny absolutely that they had done any thing criminal, and to prove it they had only to publish the cipher with the key, and explain every doubtful appearance.

If they could not do this, they could do nothing. The investigation may show agility and dexterity upon their part, and some misreadings of ciphers may be exposed. But if any serious or vital misreadings could be established, they would not have been left until now. Yet it would have been a serious public wrong to omit an official investigation. The country has the right to the most formally and legally conclusive settlement of the matter, however persuaded it may be already. For the crime of which these dispatches are the evidence is one of the most monstrous possible under a free government. It is an assault upon the country at the most vital point, and there is no disgrace which should not be visited upon those who are proved to be guilty of it. If cheating at cards in a private parlor expels the player from respectable society, what shall be the penalty of cheating in the result of an election involving the legal expression of the will of a people in their government? To say that these men were simply paying or offering to pay the members of the boards to do right is merely to say that every litigant may bribe the judge to decide a case in his favor. There is no excuse or mitigation of the crime disclosed in the dispatches, and it is to be expected that the formal investigation will dispose finally of the chief offenders.

There has been a kind of attempted "set-off" to this matter in the allegation that the Republicans are not clean enough to raise the cry of fraud; that it is ridiculous for them, after the Louisiana revelations, to affect virtue; and that if their cipher dispatches were only known, they would be probably a great deal worse than those that have been disclosed. Of course this is simply puerile. In Louisiana the law and the presumptions were all in favor of the Republicans. The law was made to meet the very kind of bulldozing which was proved. That it may have been stretched, and that there were suspicious circumstances, we certainly have always acknowledged. But nothing could be more ludicrous than the failure, with all preparation made, to establish any kind of Republican foul play. The POTTER investigation was not ordered until the Democratic managers thought that they had "a sure thing." But the very first witness, who was intended to crush the Administration and convict Mr. SHERMAN, was ANDERSON, from whom the investigation and the Democratic party have never recovered. As for ciphers, Mr. CHANDLER, of New Hampshire, offered to explain his, but nobody apparently cared to hear. Indeed the whole "set-off" amounts to saying that there are as great rascals among Republicans as among Democrats. But it has not been yet thought worth while to open the prisons and close the courts because there are scoundrels who are not accused, nor tried, nor punished.

A WORD WITH THE CHICAGO "TRIBUNE."

THE Chicago *Tribune* apparently misunderstands our view of the assignment of reasons for his official action by the President to the Senate. It seems to suppose us to be anxious, even if the President removed the late Customs Collector in New York because of his disregard of the official charges preferred against Mr. LYDECKER, that the President shall refuse to say so. There is no need of misapprehension, however, because the case is very clear. The President ought certainly never to propose a change in an office without good reasons. But of the validity of those reasons he, and not the Senate, is the judge. Under the uniform and accepted practice from the beginning, his nomination of an officer for an unexpired term in the place of an incumbent is held by the Senate to be a declaration, upon his responsibility, that a change should be made; and the practice has been that the change was confirmed by a friendly Senate, unless personal disqualifications were known. As Mr. WEBSTER said in 1835, removals have always been effected by making other appointments. He found no exception. He used this fact for the purpose of his famous argument, but the fact remains.

Where does the Chicago *Tribune* find the authority of the Senate to ask the President for his reasons either for removing A or for nominating B? For official action good reasons are assumed. It is not to be supposed that the President would demand of the Senate their reasons for rejecting his nominations. He presumes their reasons to be satisfactory to them, and he acquiesces. He is entitled to precisely the same consideration. Especially when he has publicly stated that, in his judgment, officers should not be suspended or removed without good cause, is he to be supposed to know good cause when he proposes a change. That such causes may not be known to the Senate, or, if known, not admitted to be sufficient, is not a reason for requiring the President to state the grounds of his action. Those grounds must satisfy him, not the Senate, and the new nomination is evidence that they do satisfy him and justify his action, whether they satisfy the Senate or not. It is obvious that if, with every nomination he made, the President should undertake to

explain the reasons of his action, the public business would be suspended. It is just as reasonable to require and to give reasons in every case as in any case; and if the explanations were not satisfactory, there should certainly be opportunity for answering objections, and of vindicating the Executive action. Public business, we say, could not proceed upon such terms. This is a wholly different question from that of removals for cause alone, and for cause proved. A President holding our views would never propose a removal except for cause which, *in his responsible judgment*, was proved, and justifying his action. If then we are asked why he should hesitate to communicate his reasons, we reply, because constitutionally he is to transmit to the Senate his conclusions, and not the processes by which he reaches them, and this for very obvious reasons of public convenience.

Take the very case mentioned by the Chicago *Tribune*. That paper says that the Secretary of the Treasury constituted an extraordinary commission to investigate alleged great frauds in the New York Custom-house, and upon its report summarily suspended Collector Arthur. Presumptively, therefore, the President satisfied himself by careful inquiry that a change in the Collectorship should be made, and by the nomination sent to the Senate when it met he proposed to make the change permanent. But if he is to send the reasons to the Senate, the Senate may not agree with him. May he then argue the matter with the Senate? If not, why should he send the reasons? Moreover, the Chicago *Tribune* in saying that the suspension of Collector Arthur followed the report upon the Lydecker case seems to forget that that first report was dated June 25, 1878, while the President had proposed the removal of Mr. Arthur in November, 1877. The Lydecker charges were evidently not the only reason for his action. But, however this may be, the case is not changed. The President is not by any understanding bound to supply the Senate with reasons that would satisfy it. He is only bound to inform it that there are reasons satisfactory to him. Of course the whole question remains whether, as the Constitution makes an appointing power of two parts, and as the power of removal is incidental to that of appointment, removal can be properly effected without the concurrence of both parts. Mr. Webster said that by the first Congress and by unbroken practice the right of the President alone to remove had been established, yet established, as he thought, wrongly, but irrevocably. The Tenure-of-office Act was an attempt to restore what Mr. Webster and Mr. Calhoun both thought to be the true constitutional practice. But it was soon modified to return to the traditional usage. The Senate substantially relinquished the right of asking reasons for the Executive action. If it now proposes to return to the principles of the Tenure-of-office Act, let it do so fairly, after proper consideration, not indirectly and sneakingly by the action of a committee, proceeding not upon general and public grounds, but for a particular and personal purpose. The President's reasons for the removals and the appointments are that he thought them expedient for the public service, and he proposed them upon his official responsibility. It may be a power much too great to confer upon the Executive. That is another question. But while it is indisputably his power we shall not object to its honorable and conscientious and patriotic exercise.

Since this article was in type Secretary Sherman has sent a statement of reasons to the Senate for the removal of the late customs officers. This statement, according to the reports, was criticised by Mr. Conkling with his usual candor, courtesy, and urbanity. Our own opinion remains unchanged, that it is neither the duty of the Senate to ask nor that of the Executive to give the reasons of official action taken under constitutional responsibility.

RETRENCHMENT AND REFORM.

Governor Talbot, of Massachusetts, told the Legislature in his Message that he hoped it would not forget that the late campaign was fought upon a platform of retrenchment and reform, and that the voters would of course expect some practical action to that result to be taken. A proposition has been accordingly made proposing a general reduction of salaries upon a prescribed scale. But while there are in every service founded upon party patronage a great many more offices than are necessary, and while some of them are extravagantly salaried, yet, upon the whole, public officers are not extravagantly paid. We heartily agree in general retrenchment, because there are so many more salaries paid than there should be. But it is very evident that this is one of the mischiefs that would be corrected by a reasonable system of appointment. Indeed, it would be a reform rich in good fruits of many kinds.

The obvious objection to very low salaries, or salaries graded by the mere supply of applicants for places, is that it tends to wasteful expense by procuring poor work and poor workmen, and by stimulating dishonesty. It is an axiom that any man can be found to fill any place at any salary. Perhaps some peculiarly unwholesome consulates and exposed frontier post-offices should be excepted, but the rule is still quite universal. It would be found that if places can be filled when the salary is reduced by five per cent., there will still be a throng of applicants if the reduction should be ten per cent., or fifteen per cent. It was a Collector wise in his generation who said to us that there were thirty men ready to take every place in the Custom-house, "with all incumbrances," by which he meant any amount of extortion for election expenses. But although places can be filled at any salary, it is not necessarily good economy so to fill them.

If in any administration of affairs, in the nation, State, or city, real retrenchment and reform were desired, three things should be done: first, ascertain what places are properly necessary; second, fill them with the best from among qualified applicants only; third, pay them fairly. General Butler, when he proposed himself as the candidate of the cardinal virtues for the Governorship of Massachusetts, frankly said, what he and every other practical politician knows, that under our present system offices are extravagantly multiplied. The abolition of superfluous places would be the first step of reform. Merely to scale down salaries will not promote efficiency, and may do great injustice. Plainly, also, the reduced salary, seeming to the incumbent a wrong, inclines him to greater willingness "to do himself justice" by making up the difference in some other way. The subject of salaries, and especially in New York, is a most important one. Last winter something was proposed. There are certain offices in the State which are enormously paid, and which are the great political prizes for that reason. They are, indeed, enormously taxed for party expenses, and no man is suffered to hold them long. But there is no reason for such extravagance. It continues because all parties look upon it as a placer which each hopes to work for its own advantage. Retrenchment and reform, however, can not be secured by paying somewhat smaller salaries for sinecures. They begin with the abolition of sinecures.

A WINTER FORM OF THE FLOWER MISSION.

We have often commended the Flower Mission, one of the most beautiful and useful of our charities, and as we were made the medium of a striking appeal to its management, we gladly reproduce the letter that was sent us, and which has been most promptly answered:

"Fort E., Montana Territory,
Friday, December 6, 1878.

"Madam,—The fame of your gracious charity of the Flower Mission to the poor and afflicted of New York, which reaches even to these far-off mountains, emboldens me to solicit your kind co-operation in a little project of my own. I am in charge of the post hospital here, and though the government furnishes liberally food, medicine, and clothing, it makes no provision for adornment, nor allows any expenditure in that direction. Our ward is comfortable and neat, but I have often wished that we had something instead of bare white walls or the bleak and barren landscape for the tired eyes of the poor sick and wounded boys under my care. If some of the kind ladies of your mission could send me a few pictures, I could get some of the ingenious artisans in the fort to make frames for them, and you can hardly imagine how it would brighten up the ward and cheer the lonely days of my poor sick boys. If I might venture to hope that my appeal should meet with a favorable response, I would beg to suggest that, to get the effect of colors to relieve the bare walls, inexpensive chromos would be most suitable.

"Excuse the liberty I take in appealing to you in behalf of the poor boys who lie helpless day after day, staring at whitewashed walls. Last year a Nez Percé bullet confined me to a bed for several months, and I know how tired I used to get of the blank whiteness. Very respectfully, H—— G——,
"Hospital Steward United States Army."

The secretary of the New York Flower Mission responds that unframed chromos, photographs, and Japanese scrolls or pictures (which, from their brilliant coloring, will be very acceptable) may be sent to the "Secretary of New York Flower Mission, No. 239 Fourth Avenue," and they will be forwarded to this and other similar post hospitals.

PERSONAL.

N. P. Hill, the newly elected United States Senator from Colorado, is a college man, and formerly professor of chemistry in Brown University. For some time past he has been superintendent of the Boston and Colorado Smelting-Works, at Denver.

—A late Washington paper says that occasionally, in Washington papers, Mr. Wadleigh, of New Hampshire, is alluded to as "a weak Senator," which is not true. He is rather indolent, but, on the whole, likes to be Senator, though he has not cared enough about it to exert himself to build up a high reputation in the Senate. He is of good repute among lawyers, being one of the best in New Hampshire. He is a man of great reserved mental force, and his attainments are far above the ordinary Congressional standard. He reads and writes in several languages, and possesses the finest private library in New Hampshire.

—From a long, bright, and very complimentary article on Story, the sculptor, recently published in the London *World*, we quote this pleasant paragraph:

"When one reflects that, graduating at Harvard College and the law school of Cambridge, he delivered the poem of his graduating class, wrote three volumes on legal subjects (besides editing several volumes of the reports of the law cases of his father's court), many articles in *Blackwood*, three volumes of poems, the dramatic poem *Nero*, a tragedy in verse, *Otho and Stefania*, two or three comedies for his own little theatre, and that most delightful and truly Roman of books, *Roba di Roma*; when one reflects farther that these, which would seem quite enough for most men's lives, are reckoned as the mere windfalls or *délassements* of his, it must be conceded that here we have one of those careers which do, to a great extent, reproduce the universality and breadth of the great many-colored lives of an earlier time. Joined to this also, Mr. Story is one of the best talkers of his century—epigrammatic, eloquent, overflowing with pointed wit, apt quotation, and historical allusion—an admirable letter-writer, an admirable host, and an admirable actor, notably in the character of Shylock. He takes a keen interest in politics and in all public questions of the day. He continues to be well acquainted with contemporary events on both sides of the Atlantic, and delights in discussion, to which he brings a power of logical analysis that is indebted for much of its vigor to the hard legal studies of his youth. Nor does he hesitate to attribute to this stern training of his intellect much of his success in sculpture."

—Mr. Frederick Giraud Foster, who died in this city a few days since, came of a good old family, and was one of those rare fine characters frequently seen in great cities, who shun notoriety, but give a goodly portion of their time to the interests of charitable institutions, and by sound judgment and wise counsel so guide and shape their action as to produce the best results. He was a member of the New York Sabbath Committee, trustee of the Five Points House of Industry, director of the Society for the Promotion of Evangelical Knowledge, and of the New York Bible and Common Prayer-book Society. In all these he took an active part; indeed, the last twenty years of his life were mainly devoted to these beneficent organizations.

—Major Ben Perley Poore, who has seen as much of the dinner-table life of Washington during the last five-and-twenty years as any man at the capital, says that during Mr. Sumner's last years Caleb Cushing was often his guest, and their talk was always interesting. Mr. Sumner, vigorous, and at times almost arrogant, was the Ajax of table-talk, while Mr. Cushing was the Ulysses, subtle and insinuating, arraying his statements in all the persuasive guises of rhetoric. Mr. Sumner was a man of profound political convictions, while with Mr. Cushing new lights in politics, new phases in society, and new conditions of public affairs had force, although in opposition to views which he had previously expressed, but to which he did not cling.

—We hear from London that Mr. Edmund Yates, moved thereto by the unprecedented success that has attended his *World*, proposes to enter upon a new literary venture of equal if not greater magnitude, namely, the publication of a magazine, to be called *Time*, that will combine the best points of the *Nineteenth Century* and *Household Words* as it was during the palmy days of Dickens. In other words, he will, to a certain extent, Americanize the proposed publication, giving to it the vim that he has infused into the *World*, and making it in all its departments as fresh and lively as brains, experience, and funds could make it. There can be no doubt of its success.

—Major A. G. Constable, one of the most entertaining and instructive of our platform speakers, read a few evenings since a paper on Afghanistan before the Geographical Society at Chickering Hall, describing his personal experiences in that country. Additional interest was imparted to the discourse by the introduction of some twenty stereopticon illustrations.

—Secretary Sherman is photographed by the Springfield *Republican* as "one of the tallest men in Washington, if not the tallest; slender, erect, graceful, healthful-looking, a man evidently of the purest habits. He wore on the morning referred to a light, loose-fitting, dark-colored Ulster of rough texture, which perhaps in part accounted for his looking younger than usual, for he almost invariably wears in winter a close-fitting dark overcoat of smooth cloth, such as are commonly worn by elderly gentlemen."

—Will Carleton, author of "Betsey and I are Out" and many other popular ballads, is nearly as well known and appreciated in England as in this country, where his *Farm Ballads* and *Farm Legends*, published by the Harpers, have attained a circulation almost unprecedented in the annals of poetic literature. In a recent notice of these volumes the London *Academy*, a high critical authority, says: "Will Carleton's ballads have indeed that rare mixture of humor and pathos that never fails to touch all hearts. The author tells us that they were often written 'under difficult conditions—in the open air, "with team afield," in the rush and roar of railroad travel,' etc. Perhaps it is by virtue of these very conditions that the impression made by them is so vivid, that they are so full of those touches of nature which rich and poor feel alike. Even in some of the quaintly humorous pieces, such as 'Betsey and I are Out,' and 'How Betsey and I Made Up,' and 'The Christmas Baby' that comes as an eleventh gift from God to a poor man, tears lie only just beneath the surface of our laughter; while in some of the others, as in 'Over the Hill to the Poor-House,' 'The Little Sleeper,' and 'Out of the Old House,' they fairly have their way."

—Mr. George Curtis Rand, who died a few days since in Newton Centre, Massachusetts, was an extensive printer in Boston, and printed the first edition of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, of which 300,000 copies have been issued.

—It is said that Dean Stanley has been offered by the Queen the see of Durham, vacated by the resignation of Dr. Baring. This position brings the incumbent $40,000 a year. The only Church preferments superior to it pecuniarily are Canterbury, $75,000, York, $50,000, and London, $50,000. The income of Dean Stanley at Westminster Abbey is only $10,000 a year, yet it is regarded in some respects as the finest position in the Church of England. It is there that royalty is crowned, and there that the highest genius and greatest exploits find their enduring memorials. Besides, the dean is absolutely master of his own "shop," and can snap his venerable thumbs at the two Graces and all the Right Reverends of the Establishment whenever it pleaseth him to indulge in that pious exercise.

—The agitation now going on among the policy-holders of the New York Mutual Life Insurance Company has elicited the fact that the late Moses H. Grinnell insured his life in that company in 1845 for $10,000. At his death in November, 1877, this policy by its dividends' additions increased so largely that the company paid his estate the sum of $24,342. It is a noteworthy fact that the oldest living policy-holder of that company is Mr. Hezron A. Johnson, of this city, who took the third policy issued, and who is to-day one of the most alert and young-looking men of his years in this metropolis.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

Congress: The Senate, January 10, passed the Indian Appropriation Bill. An attempt was made to strike out the clause prohibiting the removal of Arizona Indians to the Indian Territory, but it failed. The House rejected the bill to appropriate $55,000 to re-imburse William and Mary College for property destroyed during the war.—The Senate, on the 13th, passed a bill appropriating $250,000 for a new National Museum building. Representative Schleicher's funeral was held in the Hall of the House, the Senate, judges of the Supreme Court, and the President and his cabinet attending.—On the 14th, the House agreed to the conference report on the Military Academy Bill, and on the 15th the Senate did the same. The House, on the 15th, passed the bill authorizing the issue of ten-dollar certificates of deposit, drawing three per cent. interest, and convertible into four per cent. bonds.—On the 16th, the Senate passed the Pension Arrearages Bill. The House passed a bill for the exchange of five-twenties directly for four per cent. bonds.

The New York State Assembly, January 15, by a unanimous vote, passed a resolution congratulating Congress upon the resumption of specie payments, and requesting New York Congressmen to oppose any measures that would tend to bring back an irredeemable paper currency.

The hostile Cheyennes imprisoned at Fort Robinson, Nebraska, since last October, having been told that they were to be taken back to Indian Territory, jumped through the windows, January 9, and fled over the prairies. The guard fired upon them and killed thirty-two, of whom twenty-two were men, and the remainder women and children. Our troops are in pursuit of those who escaped.

FOREIGN NEWS.

Late reports from Afghanistan say that General Stewart's force marched through Candahar, January 9, and are encamped on the Ghuznee road.—The news of the victory of General Roberts over the hostile tribes is confirmed. The enemy numbered 6000.—The British troops of the Peshawur and Kurum columns have settled down in winter-quarters.—An imposing durbar was held at Jelalabad, January 1, by General Sir Samuel Browne. Most of the local khans and influential men of the neighborhood attended. Major Cavagnari, addressing them, explained the Viceroy of India's proclamation. He commented on the recent events as manifesting the strength of the British government, and the failure of the Ameer's resistance, and repeated the assurance that it had no quarrel with the people of Afghanistan. The principal khan replied in language which may be taken for what it is worth, expressing his contentment with the change of authority, and freely offering his service.—General Stewart reports that Yakoob Khan has fled from Cabool.

The Vienna *Tagblatt* publishes a long petition from the Russian Provincial Chambers to the Czar for constitutional rights. The petition states that the members of the Chambers in their present degraded position feel themselves entirely powerless to respond to the government's appeal for aid against the Nihilists.

The Grand Vizier of Turkey has announced a programme providing for a reduction of the army to a minimum, and the decentralization of the administration of Vilayets. Hussein, chief of the Kurd insurgents, has been captured, and Osman, the other chief, has submitted.—Prince Lobanoff, the Russian ambassador, has accepted all the articles of the definitive treaty of peace as agreed to by the Porte; but clause 2, relative to Russia's supervision over the execution of the treaty of Berlin, is accepted *ad referendum*.—The scheme for the organization of a *gendarmerie*, adopted by the Eastern Roumelian Commission, provides that the commander and instructors be Frenchmen.

Ben Ismail, the Prime Minister of Tunis, went, January 10, in full uniform, and accompanied by a numerous suite, to the French consulate, and on behalf of the Bey tendered a full apology. The consul of France received him, surrounded by all his staff and the officers of the French fleet stationed off Tunis.

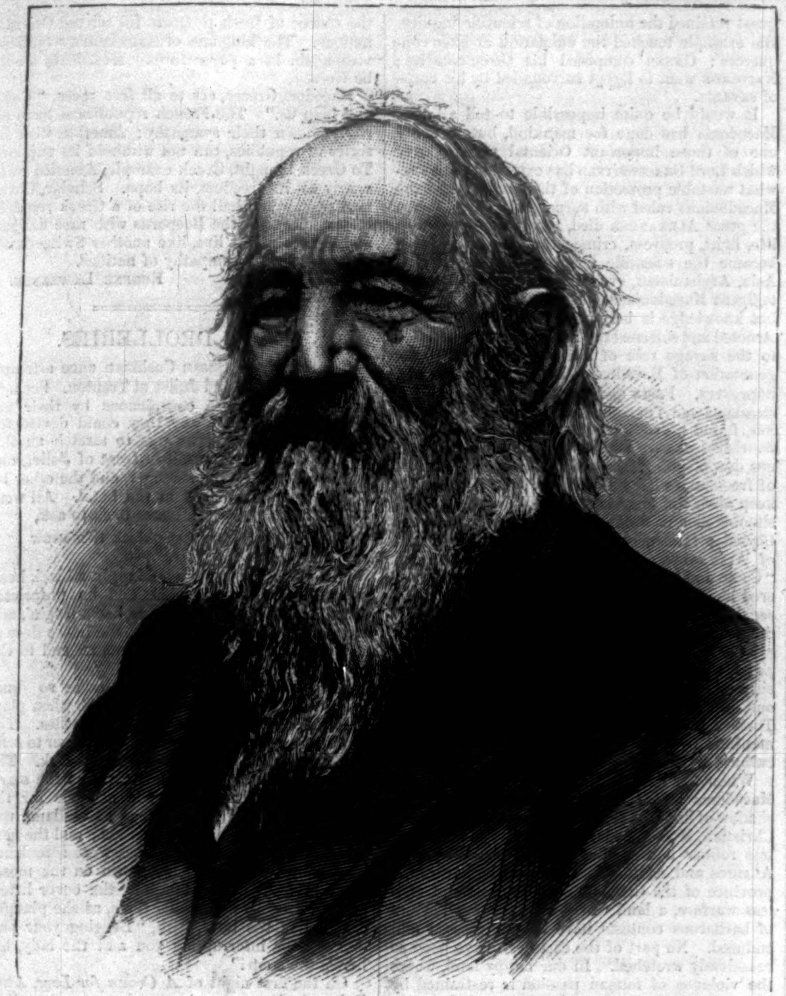
A political crisis followed the Republican victories in France. General Borel, the Minister of War, has resigned, and was succeeded by General Gresley, a Liberal and an orator of the Left Centre. M. Martel has been elected President of the Senate by a vote of 153 to 81, and M. Grévy President of the Assembly by an almost unanimous vote. The ministerial declaration was read in the Chambers on the 16th. It was coldly received in the Lower House, but applauded in the Senate.—President M'Mahon has pardoned 2245 Communists.

An outline of Prince Bismarck's Parliamentary Discipline Bill is published. It places the power of punishing any member of the Reichstag for language deemed improper in the hands of a committee composed of the two Vice-Presidents and ten members of the Reichstag, which would meet at the order of the President of the House or on motion of twenty members. The committee would be authorized to inflict the penalties, viz., (1) to order a member to receive public reproof before the assembled House; (2) to oblige an offender to make an apology before the assembled House; (3) to exclude a Deputy from the Reichstag for a fixed period. Should this exclusion extend to the entire term of the session of the Legislature, a member so punished may also be liable to lose the right of being elected to the Reichstag; and further, an independent motion in favor of depriving a Deputy of his right of election may be brought forward in the House. If the unbecoming conduct of which a member of the Reichstag is pronounced to have been guilty involves an action punishable by the common law, the Deputy in question may be handed over to the judicial authorities to be dealt with according to law, simultaneously with the infliction of such punishment by the Reichstag. The reproduction of the speech or remarks which called it forth, in a stenographic report, or any other publication of them in the press, may be prohibited; contraventions of this prohibition to be punishable with imprisonment of from three weeks to three months.

Up to the end of last year the total number of injunctions issued in accordance with the German anti-Socialist law was 457, which were applied to 189 clubs and societies, and fifty-eight periodical and 210 non-periodical publications. The number of persons expelled from the empire under the same law amounts to sixty-two.

Three disasters are reported from abroad. One was an explosion in the Dinas Colliery, in Wales, January 13, by which sixty lives were lost; another, the falling of a railway train into the river Arda, January 11, which resulted in the drowning of a Russian general, several other officers, and 200 soldiers; and the third, a collision on the Warsaw Railway thirty miles from St. Petersburg, on the 10th, by which twenty persons were killed and thirty-two injured.

THE ASSEMBLY-CHAMBER, NEW CAPITOL, ALBANY.—From a Sketch by Theo. R. Davis.—[See Page 87.]



THE HON. THOMAS G. ALVORD.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY CHURCHILL, ALBANY.]

THE HON. MORTON M'MICHAEL.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BROADBENT, PHILADELPHIA.]

THE HON. THOMAS G. ALVORD.

THE new Speaker of the Assembly has been more than half a century an active participant in political affairs. He was born in the town of Onondaga, New York, in December, 1810, received a collegiate education, and very early in life cast in his fortunes with the "Old Hunker" wing of the Democratic party. After studying law and being admitted to the bar, he began the practice of his profession at Syracuse, but ten years later abandoned his calling, and commenced business as a salt manufacturer. His first public appearance was as a member of the Assembly in 1844. The next year he failed of an election, and remained in retirement until 1857, when he was again chosen to the Assembly, and after a long and bitter struggle was elected Speaker. The next year he was once more left to enjoy the pleasures of retirement to private life. The outbreak of the war in 1861 gave him a pretext for joining the Republican party, and for the third time he was returned to the Assembly. He was re-elected in 1863. In the fall of 1864 he was elected Lieutenant-Governor, on the ticket with the Hon. REUBEN E. FENTON. In 1869 he was for the fifth time sent to the Assembly. He joined the Liberal movement in 1872, and in the following year was again elected to the Assembly as an independent Democrat. Once more he joined the Republicans, and was sent to the Assembly as a rehabilitated representative of that party. On the 9th ult. he was elected Speaker of the Assembly.

THE HON. MORTON M'MICHAEL.

THIS gentleman, well known as a journalist, who died at Philadelphia January 6, was born in Burlington County, New Jersey, October 20, 1807. He was educated at the University of Pennsylvania, and in 1827 was admitted to the bar. The following year he connected himself with the press of Philadelphia, and filled several municipal offices in succession with marked ability. He was editor of the *North American and United States Gazette* from 1847, and sole proprietor from 1851 to 1870, when he relinquished the active control to his sons, retaining his interests. In 1866 Mr. M'MICHAEL was elected Mayor of Philadelphia by the Republicans, and held the position for three years. He was a member of the Pennsylvania Constitutional Convention in 1873, and took a leading part in the deliberations of that body. Mr. M'MICHAEL was a very genial and pleasant man in society, and in political matters was honored for his force of character and sound judgment.

A GERMAN SNOW-PLOUGH.

THE WORKS OF CHARLES DICKENS.

[From an article on "Novel Reading," by Anthony Trollope, in the *Nineteenth Century*.]

THE number of those who read novels have become millions in England during the last twenty-five years. In our factories, with our artisans, behind our counters, in third-class railway carriages, in our kitchens and stables, novels are now read unceasingly. Much reaches those readers that is poor. Much that is false in sentiment and faulty in art no doubt finds its way with them. But indecency does not thrive with them, and when there comes to them a choice of good or bad, they choose the better. There has grown up a custom of late, especially among tea-dealers, to give away a certain number of books among their poorer customers. When so much tea has been consumed, then shall be a book given. It came to my ears the other day that eighteen thousand volumes of Dickens's works had just been ordered for this purpose. The bookseller suggested that a little novelty might be expedient. Would the benevolent tea-dealer like to vary his presents? But no! The tradesman, knowing his business, and being anxious above all things to attract, declared that Dickens was what he wanted. He had found that the tea-consuming world preferred their Dickens.

In wide-spread popularity the novels of Charles Dickens have, I believe, exceeded those of any other British novelist, though they have not yet reached that open market of unrestricted competition which a book reaches only when its copyright has run out. Up to this present time over 800,000 copies of *Pickwick* have been sold in this country, and the book is still copyright property. In saying this I make no invidious comparison between Scott and Dickens. I may, indeed, be in error in supposing the circulation of *Waverley* to have been less. As it is open to any bookseller to issue Scott's novels, it would be difficult to arrive at a correct number. Our object is simply to show what has been the circulation of a popular novel in Great Britain. The circulation outside the home market has been probably as great—perhaps greater, as American readers are more numerous than the English. Among the millions of those into whose hands these hundreds of thousands of volumes have fallen, there can hardly be one who has not received some lesson from what he has read. It may be that many dissent from the mode of telling which Dickens adopted in his stories, that they are indifferent to the stories themselves, that they question the taste, and fail to interest themselves in the melodramatic incidents and unnatural characters which it was his delight to portray. All that has no bearing on the issue which we now attempt to raise. The teaching of which we are speaking is not instruction as to taste or art—is not instruction as to style or literary excellence. By such lessons as Dickens taught will the young man learn to be honest or dishonest, noble or ignoble? Will the girl learn to be modest or brazen-faced? Will greed be engendered and self-indulgence? Will a taste for vicious pleasure be created? Will the young of either sex be taught to think it is a grand thing to throw off the conventional rules which the wisdom of the world has established for its guidance; or will they unconsciously learn from the author's pages to recognize the fact that happiness is to be obtained by obeying and not by running counter to the principles of morality? Let memory run back for a few moments over those stories, and it will fail to find an immodest girl who has been made alluring to female readers, or an ill-conditioned youth whose career a lad would be tempted to envy. No ridicule is thrown on marriage constancy; no gilding is given to fictitious pleasure; no charm is added to idleness; no alluring color is lent to debauchery. Pickwick may be softer and Ralph Nickleby harder than the old men whom we know in the world; but the lessons which they teach are all in favor of a soft heart, all strongly opposed to hardness of heart. "What an impossible dear old duffer that Pickwick is!" a lady said to me the other day, criticising the character, as I thought, very correctly. Quite impossible, and certainly a duffer—if I understand the latter phrase—but so dear! That an old man, as he grows old, should go on loving every body around him, loving the more the older he grows, running over with philanthropy, and happy through it all in spite of the susceptibility of Mrs. Bardell and the fallings off of Mr. Winkle! That has been the lesson taught by *Pickwick;* and though probably but few readers have so believed in Pickwick as to think that nature would produce such a man, still they have been unconsciously taught the sweetness of human love.

Such characters as those of Lord Frederick Veresopht and Sir Mulberry Hawk have often been drawn by dramatists and novelists—too frequently with a dash of attractive fashion—in a manner qualified to conceal in the mind of the unappreciating reader the vices of the men under the brightness of their trappings. Has any young man been made to wish that he should be such as Lord Frederick Veresopht, or should become such as Sir Mulberry Hawk? Kate Nickleby is not to us an entirely natural young woman. She lacks human life. But the girls who have read her adventures have all learned to acknowledge the beauty and the value of modesty. It is not your daughter, my reader, who has needed such a lesson; but think of the eight hundred thousands!

Of all Dickens's novels *Oliver Twist* is perhaps artistically the best, as in it the author adheres most tenaciously to one story, and interests us most thoroughly by his plot. But the characters are less efficacious for the teaching of lessons than in his other tales. Neither can Bill Sikes nor Nancy, nor can even the great Bumble, be credited with having been of much service by deterring readers from vice; but then neither have they allured readers, as has been done by so many writers of fiction who have ventured to deal with the world's reprobates.

In *Martin Chuzzlewit*, in *David Copperfield*, in *Bleak House*, and *Little Dorrit*, the tendency of which I speak will be found to be the same. It is, indeed, carried through every work that he wrote. To whom has not kindness of heart been made beautiful by Tom Pinch, and hypocrisy odious by Pecksniff? The peculiar abominations of Pecksniff's daughters are made to be abominable to the least attentive reader. Unconsciously the girl reader declares to herself that she will not at any rate be like that. This is the mode of teaching which is in truth serviceable. Let the mind be induced to sympathize warmly with that which is good and true, or be moved to hatred against that which is vile, and then an impression will have been made, certainly serviceable, and probably ineradicable. It may be admitted in regard to Dickens's young ladies that they lack nature. Dora, Nelly, Little Dorrit, Florence Dombey, and a host of others crowd upon our memory, not as shadows of people we have really known, as do Jeanie Deans, for instance, and Jane Eyre; but they have affected us as personifications of tenderness and gentle feminine gifts. We have felt each character to contain, not a woman, but something which will help to make many women. The Boythorns, Tulkinghorns, Cheerybles, and Pickwicks may be as unlike nature as they will. They are unlike nature. But they nevertheless charm the reader, and leave behind on the palate of his mind a sweet savor of humanity. Our author's heroes, down to Smike, are often outrageous in their virtues. But their virtues are virtues. Truth, gratitude, courage, and manly self-respect are qualities which a young man will be made not only to admire, but to like, by his many hours spent over these novels. And so it will be with young women as to modesty, reticence, and unselfish devotion.

A CRY FROM MACEDONIA.

STRANGE it is to trace to their source the impulsive longings of the Greek people for a union with their relatives in Macedonia, Epirus, Thrace, to hear Athens calling to Pella, and the land of DEMOSTHENES extending its protecting care, or at least its sympathy, to the fallen people of the home of PHILIP and ALEXANDER. No country seems more wretched. Its population is fallen into anarchy; bloodshed, strife, reign every where. The mountains of Rhodope are covered with thousands of famishing Turkish families, naked amidst the winter's cold. The Greeks, Albanians, Russians, are never at peace. A horror of despair rests on the land, and the last treaty of the great powers seems only to have added to the misery of mankind. It has failed wholly to quiet Macedonia; the miserable people call for almost any government except that of the stolid Turk. Happy would they be could they once more reunite with Athens, and revive the empire, the republic, of Greece. The whole country is filled with the recollections of a remarkable past, when the Macedonian phalanx moved out to subjugate the East, when all Greece was ruled by the founders of Philippopolis and the masters of Rhodope, when by a sudden revolution barbarous Pella, the capital of PHILIP, was made the centre of Greek philosophy and art, the chief seat of the military and intellectual power of the age. Pella is now a decaying village, the refuge of impoverished Greeks and Turks. In PHILIP's days its galleries were filled with the rarest works of art, its palaces adorned by the matchless skill of ZEUXIS, APELLES, LYSIPPUS. Here in some lyceum or academy, amidst groves and gardens, ARISTOTLE taught his young disciple ALEXANDER, but the highest lessons of philosophy could produce only at last a kind of monster, a Frankenstein, a hero. Yet it is not without a real interest that any intelligent mind can look upon the scene where the greatest of teachers instructed the most renowned of conquerors. At Pella the art of war was studied with all the aids of Greek learning, and a new system produced, long invincible, that has not been without its effect upon modern tactics.

At Pella was begun that magnificent style of gold coinage that has never been surpassed. The philips of Macedon are among the rarest wonders of the modern cabinet. The statues of LYSIPPUS must have crumbled with its ruins, or lie beneath them. It was against the lord of Pella that DEMOSTHENES aimed his philippics, the models of all later oratory, the artistic invective that CICERO imitated at a distance, and that BURKE, FOX, BEACONSFIELD, have followed with unequal step. A thousand brilliant memories cluster around Macedonia and its ancient capital. It is one of the historical centres around which human affairs have once revolved. It spread Greek letters and manners over the East, discovered the Indus and the Oxus, founded an empire that reached from the shores of the Ionian Sea to the Caspian and the cataracts of the Nile. It is these things that make Pella interesting, important: men never forget the home of genius and energy. ALEXANDER was the chief explorer of his day, the collector of knowledge, the author of a real progress, a COLUMBUS, a FRANKLIN, a STANLEY; the Macedonian phalanx his body-guard; the miseries he inflicted upon the human race the necessary pangs of a new birth. It is with horror and delight that the historical inquirer observes the young Macedonian king begin his course of adventure, rush like a madman from blazing Thebes to blighted Tyre, to Egypt, to the passes of the Hindoo Coosh, to the heart of Afghanistan. He was perhaps in the Khyber Pass. He moved his army over the ground from the Indus to the banks of the Oxus, across the dominions of SHERE ALI; he led the way to the bare hills of Cashmere; he stood beneath the shadow of the loftiest of earth's mountains. Yet in all his madness the influence of ARISTOTLE never left him: he made herbals, gathered specimens, investigated, studied nature; in the midst of the brutal rage of conquest retained the animation of scientific inquiry. His example touched the emulation of later conquerors: CÆSAR composed his Commentaries; NAPOLEON went to Egypt surrounded by his corps of savants.

It would be quite impossible to tell all that Macedonia has done for mankind, but in every one of those important Oriental regions over which Lord BEACONSFIELD has extended the somewhat unstable protection of the Anglo-Saxon the Macedonians ruled with successful sway. When the great ALEXANDER died, Egypt was filled with life, light, progress, crime; the city he founded became the scientific teacher of men. Persia, Asia, Afghanistan, even India, were ruled by intelligent Macedonians. The empire was broken, but knowledge is indivisible, and Macedonia instructed and softened the East; at least, compared to the savage rule of Persian or Egyptian, the generation of Macedonian kings were reformers, improvers. Poets and painters, art, science, ARCHIMEDES and THEOCRITUS, APELLES and PROTOGENES, found protection under the Greek rule, and flourished at ease amidst the perils of a dangerous despotism. Macedonia was never the friend of freedom, rather its destroyer; but it helped to keep alive the lingering flame of knowledge. It slumbered and decayed under the Roman rule. Christian influences early penetrated to the land of ALEXANDER. From Macedon came the cry, "Come and help us." The simple story from sacred history fills all the scene with interest. We see the apostolic figures, faint, worn, impoverished, despised, enter the fair city of Philippi; the hospitable converts, the whippings, the prison, the jailer, the miracle, the appeal: "I am a Roman citizen." Macedonia, a small region, mountainous, still fertile, hidden almost in the fall of the Turkish power, is yet linked to America and all mankind by all the impulses of religion, mental culture, art.

When St. PAUL entered the dangerous land Macedonia rested in splendid decay under the shadow of imperial Rome. Since then it has been Christian, Mohammedan, the pathway of the endless robber hordes that wasted civilization, of ALARICS and ATTILAS, the Bulgar, the Saracen, a province of the Greek Empire, the scene of endless warfare, a land where all the worst horrors of barbarous contests have been witnessed and endured. No part of the earth can have been so ceaselessly wretched. In our happy land, where the violence of human passion is restrained by law and conscience, the only ills men feel or fear are the common and inevitable; in Thrace and Macedonia, peace, ease, content, have never been known; from the wars of PHILIP to the recent rising of the Greeks, its valleys and mountains have resounded with the cries of the oppressed. A man from Macedon is ever before us, in a horrible vision, calling for help, and never was there a country more wasted and fallen. COUSINAERY found at Pella and Philippi a few miserable ruins, some broken columns, a great number of those admirable coins that mark the various phases in the history of the unhappy land. WORDSWORTH describes its decay. The destruction is almost complete. A few poor houses and huts may be mistaken for Pella. At Philippi, Greeks, Bulgars, and their masters the Turks live in suspicious hatred among the ruins where the voice of humanity, of purity, was heard almost for the first time.

The Greeks of Athens naturally wish to extend their rule over Thrace and Macedon, and afford some protection to their fellow-countrymen, who seem to suffer most in the general anarchy. The Greeks in the East are the successful merchants; they grow rich amidst the apathy of the Turks by industry and enterprise. The Turks often repay them by a general plunder or constant exactions. They appealed for aid to the Berlin Congress, but found only slight sympathy. France alone seems to have given them a real support. M. WADDINGTON, in the name of his republic and of Europe, promises some enlargement of the Greek territory. What this may mean is not yet explained, but at least it includes a part of what was once the kingdom of ALEXANDER. M. WADDINGTON says, "We now ask that Greece should have the shores of Volo and Arta, about half Thessaly, and a portion of Thrace;" and he hints at some more extensive arrangement still hidden under the veil of diplomatic correspondence. Athens must be satisfied with what Europe determines; it has no longer a DEMOSTHENES. Macedon can have no second ALEXANDER. But it is plain that this gifted, brilliant race, once more reviving amidst the ruins of its wonderful past, will not long be content to see half its people still pressed down under a foreign sway. The most extensive projects fill the minds of the Athenian politicians. They contend that the Greek race is the only one in the East capable of learning a true civilization. They point to the extensive advantages that would follow the rise of a united Greece. Commerce, industry, labor, would revive. The decay of the Orient would be exchanged for a busy progress. The ships of America and Europe would at once frequent the harbors of Rhodes and Attica. The isles and shores of Greece would teem with life and energy. But still more fortunate would it be for Europe and the East, they claim, could ancient Byzantium, the fine harbor and site of Constantinople, be restored to its founders and true owners, and the wonderful advantages of its situation be employed to add to the welfare of mankind. Under the rule of the Turks, Constantinople, decayed and hopeless, lives only as a centre of superstition; foul, unclean; the haunt of fever and plague; a scene of moral desolation. The Greek population is all that keeps it from an utter decay. Greek enterprise and intelligence have resisted even the barbarous rule of the Turk. But as the centre of a federation of Christian states, the seat of an intelligent senate, of representative assemblies, of free thought and speech, Constantinople might readily renew all its ancient vigor, and become the source of fresh progress for all the Oriental nations. The kingdom of ALEXANDER would revive again in a purer form. Macedonia would be free.

Macedon, Greece, cry to all free races, "Come and help us." The French republicans have already shown their sympathy; America, with its series of republics, can not withhold its support. To Greek thought, Greek example, America owes nearly all its freedom, its hope. Scholar, Christian, poet, would hail the rise of a Greek republic on the shores of the Bosporus with rare delight, and Greece might live, like another Switzerland, protected by the sympathy of nations.

EUGENE LAWRENCE.

STAGE DROLLERIES.

CHARLOTTE and Susan Cushman once attempted to play Romeo and Juliet at Trenton. Scenery and properties were conspicuous by their absence; and the only way they could devise for doing the balcony scene was to stretch an old-fashioned patchwork quilt in front of Juliet, one end being held by the manager, and the other by a little negro employed at the hotel. All went well until Juliet called Romeo back to ask,

> "And what o'clock to-morrow
> Shall I send for thee?"

Before "fair Montague" could reply, a black head popped out from the side, and its proprietor ejaculated: "Miss Cushing, my bell's ringin', and I am obliged to let my side of the house drop;" and drop it he did, and there was an end to the balcony scene.

The sisters were perhaps not quite so dumfounded as Madame Miohan-Carvalho when playing in *Lucia di Lammermoor* at Marseilles. The cantatrice had ordered a restaurant-keeper to send her a basin of hot soup at nine o'clock. The hour came, and with it a girl carrying the star's refreshment. The girl made at once for the stage, and arrived at the wings as madame was singing in the finale to the first act; and the next moment Ravenswood and Lucia were astonished by a soup tureen being set down on the mossy bank in front of the fountain, the cover lifted, and the intruder addressing them, as she plunged a spoon in the bowl, with, "Begging your pardon, Sir, for interrupting you and the lady, but here's the soup!"

On the first night of *A Crown for Love*, Anne Boleyn had no sooner uttered the words, "Now is the crown fixed firmly on my head," than the regal diadem set auditors and actress laughing by tumbling to the ground—an accident not so annoying to the individual most concerned as the gallery commentary upon a Dunedin Cassio's lamentation: "Oh that men should put an enemy in their mouths to steal away their brains!" coming in the significant shape of, "All right, old man; drink away; you're safe." Equally trying to the actor's serenity was the more friendly intimation from another "god," who, seeing Macbeth cover his face with his robe and shudder convulsively after crying, "Unreal mockery, hence!" to Banquo's ghost, let him know the horrible shadow had departed by shouting, "It's all right now, governor; he's gone."

Actors, like other men, are apt to plume themselves upon finding favor with the ladies, and like other men sometimes achieve embarrassing conquests. Christian Brandes in his strolling days was cast to play Leander in a primitive sort of drama in which the dialogue was left pretty much to the discretion of the players. It was settled that Hero was not to be too easily won, but to refrain from admitting her love for Leander until he had plied her hard with passionate speeches. Unluckily the Hero of the occasion was in reality desperately smitten, and scarcely gave Leander time to protest his love before exclaiming: "I can not resist you, Leander; accept my heart and hand." Brandes was nonplussed; the fine speeches he had prepared were unsuited to the situation. While he hesitated, the enraged manager whispered Hero, "In the fiend's name, improvise a few words and retire!" Whereupon the poor girl turned to the audience, and said, "In the fiend's name, I improvise a few words and retire!" and tripped gayly off the stage to the shouts of the amused audience; who, after all, had less reason to laugh than those who heard the Western Romeo announce: "But soft! What light from yonder window breaks? It is the east, and Juliet has a son!" What his Juliet thought of the new reading is not recorded.

Dumaine, as a pirate in *Le Fléau des Mers*, was wont to excite the wonder of the spectators by extinguishing a candle with a pistol-shot. The trick was done by placing the light on a table near a small round hole in the "cloth" behind it, through which the prompter blew out the candle as Dumaine discharged the pistol. Actuated by jealousy or a love of mischief, a fellow-actor one night covered the hole with gold-beater's skin, and when the pirate fired and the prompter blew, the candle flared away in triumph. Dumaine drew another pistol from his belt; but before he could pull the trigger the malicious joker had torn away the skin, and by blowing through the hole made the candle go out, apparently of its own accord, while Dumaine was mentally abusing the innocent prompter for his pet point not coming off as usual.

Readiness in unforeseen emergencies is of the greatest value to manager and actor alike. A word fails the memory at an important stage of the play, or some accident occurs to mar or even put a stop to all further proceedings. On such occasions fertility of resource is of the greatest moment, and has over and over again saved the credit of all concerned. In fact, the readiness of an actor or manager to turn an apparent disaster into a happy interlude is much on a par with the presence of mind that guides a skillful general to victory. This readiness was well displayed on the stage by Luguet when playing the bearer of

an important dispatch, on the contents of which the plot of the drama turned. By mistake the property-man gave Luguet a blank sheet of paper, which he handed to the mimic king, who not having studied the words which ought to have been written on the dispatch, was in a quandary. He got out of it by handing the paper back to the messenger, with the command: "Read it to me, Sirrah!" Luguet, however, was equal to the occasion, and responded: "Alas, Sir, born of poor but honest parents, I have never learned to read."

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

FEBRUARY.

Sunday,	2.—Fourth Sunday after Epiphany.
Sunday,	9.—Septuagesima Sunday.
Sunday,	16.—Sexagesima Sunday.
Sunday,	23.—Quinquagesima Sunday.
Monday,	24.—St. Matthias.
Wednesday,	26.—Ash-Wednesday.

THE Pope has opened the year with an important encyclical, of which, however, only a telegraphic summary has so far reached the United States. In its scope it appears to be as comprehensive as the famous encyclical of his predecessor to which the syllabus of errors prevalent in modern society was appended. LEO XIII. denounces Socialism, Communism, and Nihilism, which he rightly says are warring openly against the peace of states, by denying the rights of property, rupturing the bonds of matrimony, and plotting against the lives of kings. He traces these evils to the Protestant Reformation, "which opened the sluice-gates of skepticism, till godless governments have arisen wherein the Author and Redeemer of the world is ignored; and youth are trained to believe that man's destinies are bounded by the present life, and without any hereafter." The Pope calls attention to the fact that this, "the natural development" of the Reformation, was indicated by previous pontiffs from CLEMENT XII. to PIUS IX. "The equality," he furthermore insists, "desiderated by the sects is contrary to the Scripture. There are distinctions between the angels in heaven, and *a fortiori* there must be distinctions between men upon earth." He exhorts all the principalities and powers, therefore, "to accept the Church, the safeguard of earthly and the surety of heavenly things."

Thus the conflict which began three hundred years ago in the sphere of theological dogma transfers itself ever more to the social and political spheres. It is sublimely audacious in LEO XIII. to say that in the communities which have grown out of the Reformation "youth are trained to believe that man's destinies are bounded by the present life." An infallible Pope ought to know better. On the question whether the world has or has not profited by the Reformation, Americans will have but one opinion.

The report of Dr. CROSBY'S Society for the Prevention of Crime shows with what difficulties its work in New York city is hedged about. For about nine days in 1878 the laws against unlicensed and Sunday liquor-selling were enforced; obstructions were then put in the way by means of complaints against the Police Commissioners, and "New York reverted again to its condition of lawlessness."

During the year 128 proprietors of liquor saloons and 79 bar-keepers were arrested by the society, together with 65 other persons connected with indecent places of amusement; 169 indictments for selling liquors without license and for Sunday liquor-selling were obtained. In all the cases brought before court there was only 1 acquittal; 50 persons were fined; 4 were sent to the penitentiary. Since 1877 the number of places in the city where liquor is sold has diminished by 1739; 9156 persons paid in 1878 the United States tax as liquor-sellers; of this number only 4964 were licensed by the Commissioners of Excise.

The Atlantic cable reports that the resignation of Archbishop PURCELL, of Cincinnati, is approved at the Vatican, and will most probably be authorized by the Pope. His successor is not yet named.

The French Protestant daily paper to be published in Paris, of which note has already been made in this Intelligence, will appear the middle of April next. M. LÉON PILATTE, of Nice, long the editor of the *Église Libre*, will conduct it for a time. Its title will be *Le Réformateur Anti-Clérical et Républicain*. It will be sold at the price of one cent.

The statement drawn up by the United Presbyterian Synod of Scotland in explanation of the Westminster Confession, and which virtually annulled some of the articles of that Confession, is now before the Presbyteries for consideration. Report says that it is undergoing much modification.

Mr. FRANCIS MURPHY has, after two months of successful work, closed his meetings in this city. On Sunday, January 12, 2000 persons assembled in Cooper Institute to hear him, and in the evening of the same day the Methodist Episcopal Tabernacle in Thirty-fourth Street was so densely crowded that the speaker could scarcely make his way to the pulpit. Judge NOAH DAVIS delivered a brief address, in which he urged the importance of sustaining the temperance work in the city. Mr. MURPHY spoke very modestly of himself. "I am not," he said, "a temperance reformer in the common acceptation of that word; I can not preach the Gospel like a minister; but I am doing the best I can. If I am wrong, and ignorant of the right plan to save men, what I need is light. I have gone on in my stumbling way, and I think that, in spite of obstacles, we have accomplished glorious results."

It is the practice of the Richmond daily press to publish once a year carefully prepared religious statistics of the city and the State of Virginia. We find in the *Examiner and Chronicle* a summary for 1878, which we presume is from this source. The Methodist Episcopal Church South has in the State 904 churches, 432 itinerant preachers, and 107,000 communicants. The communicants are mostly whites; the colored Methodists of Virginia are in the Northern Methodist Episcopal, the African, and the Colored Methodist Episcopal Churches. These would make an aggregate of probably 30,000 members. The Baptists report 1226 churches, 640 ordained ministers, and 184,000 communicants. The Presbyterian Synod of Virginia numbers 11 Presbyteries, 289 churches, and 23,265 members. The Evangelical Lutheran Church has in the State 150 churches and 13,400 communicants; the Protestant Episcopal Church, 135 clergymen and 12,345 communicants. The Disciples (Campbellites) report 140 churches and 12,500 members; the Roman Catholics, 26 churches, 25 chapels, 25 priests, and a population of 17,000. Richmond has 55 churches, and 30,000 church members, out of a total population of 80,000.

The receipts of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions from May 1, 1878, to January 1, 1879, were $134,552, against $139,886 for the same period in 1877. In 1873, from May to January the receipts were $186,818. The falling off in this eight months' period is over $50,000.

The Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, which has been in existence for more than a century and a half, has lately received a shock which it was thought portended its dissolution. At a late meeting those members of it who are also members of the English Church Union mustered in force, and carried a resolution abolishing the requirement that intending missionaries shall first pass an examination before a board appointed by the archbishops of Canterbury and York and the Bishop of London. As soon as this fact was published, announcements of withdrawal from the society were sent in from numerous supporters, among them bishops. Notice has been given of a motion to rescind the offensive resolution, and most probably harmony will be restored.

The exposure of the scandalous traffic in English church livings has been taken up by Churchmen. One who has large information has been revealing some very ugly facts in the *Echo* newspaper. He takes the ground that clergymen who purchase advowsons commit "moral perjury, and just manage to escape the consequences of legal perjury by a most unworthy subterfuge." In law it is simony to purchase a vacated living, but not to purchase a living unvacated. Advowsons are purchased with the promise of speedy possession, and so the law is evaded.

The inducements held out to buyers are often of a very mundane description. One clergyman, who is both rector and patron, and wishes to sell, states that "the neighborhood is exceedingly lovely, and affords good society." In another case it is advertised that the population of the parish is only 180, and that the present rector is over seventy, and in very precarious health. A parson who wishes to exchange livings with some one stipulates that the living he seeks for *must have near it a trout stream.* A living in Yorkshire worth £1100 yearly is stated by the broker "to give the rector an important position as a county magistrate, and there is capital shooting over the glebe." Livings are put up at auction along with other merchandise. One auctioneer's catalogue contained church livings to be offered to the highest bidder "sandwiched between ALLEN's hot-air bath and BROWN & POLSON's corn flour."

Presbyterianism may not be œcumenical, but it is rapidly becoming "international." The meeting of the Alliance in Edinburgh is leading to a closer union of all the Churches of the reformed faith. Professor W. G. BLAIKIE, of Edinburgh, has just issued the *Catholic Presbyterian*; the American editor is the Rev. Dr. G. D. MATHEWS, of New York. Among the contributors are Dr. EDMOND DE PRESSENSÉ, M. EUGÈNE RÉVEILLAUD, Drs. SCHAFF, STUART ROBINSON, and the Rev. W. FLEMING STEVENSON, of Dublin.

Father HYACINTHE has published the addresses delivered by him in Paris during the Exposition. They will be admired for their eloquence even by those whom they fail to convince. He still looks for a Reformed Catholic Church, purged of the papacy, priestly celibacy, and the exclusion of the people from Church Councils. He even hopes that the Roman Catholic Church of France may come to this position. Near the close of the volume occurs this beautiful passage: "The influence of Jesuitism has perverted the Church, and especially the theology of the Church. This theology is at this moment like those Egyptian mummies which have lain imprisoned and asleep for ages beneath their sacred wrappings. Only in some cases they hold grains of wheat in their black and shrivelled hands.... Never was wheat more eager for life; it laid hold of the earth with its strong roots, and its stalk came forth richer and more abundantly fruitful. Catholic doctrine is like that grain of wheat. It is imprisoned in the hand of a corpse, but let us take care not to believe that it is dead," etc.

THE NEW ASSEMBLY-CHAMBER.

THE new Capitol at Albany is in striking contrast with the old, and although not yet completed, is one of the largest and most imposing State edifices in this country. In its original conception the style of architecture was not without grave faults, but these, fortunately, were not wholly beyond remedy. The defects of the original plan were discovered at an early stage of the work, and a Commission consisting of Messrs. EIDLITZ, RICHARDSON, and OLMSTED was appointed to complete the structure after designs of their own. The two lower stories, then, are the Capitol of the original architects, and the upper those of the gentlemen just named.

A marvel of immensity and beauty is the new Assembly-chamber, of which a view is given on page 84. It is difficult to convey an adequate impression of the grandeur and magnificence of this room, the like of which has never before been attempted in this country. Its dimensions are 140 feet in length by 84 feet in width, and 56 feet in height beneath the central vault. Within this space stand four great columns of Connecticut granite, with richly carved and massive capitals and bases of white marble. The space at the corners of which they stand is 45 by 55 feet. This central transept and the bay on the west end really constitute the Assembly-chamber proper. In this bay is the Speaker's desk and that of the officers, and behind him is an arrangement of drapery, depending from the gallery devoted to the reporters, and concealing the coupled columns which support the front wall of that gallery and the stone girders that carry its floor. In the corner spaces and above the rich stone screen at the east side are public galleries. The two on the west side are over a vaulted lobby, which is cut off completely from the main room by a solid wall. The corresponding spaces on the east side are open, and contain massive carved chimney-pieces, adjoining which are the entrances. The whole construction is of solid stone, the only wood employed being in the floor and in the doors. Not only the ribs of the vaulting are of stone, the capping is also of solid blocks of the same material. The room is abundantly lighted by the double row of windows on each side, and the ventilation seems perfect. But the crowning achievement of the later architects is the magnificent roof, the summit of which is 80 feet above the cornice, and its sides are inclined at an angle of sixty degrees. It is utilized as a room for the accommodation of the rapidly increasing documents of the Assembly, and is to be reached by an ample, easy staircase of stone. Besides this splendid roof, which is to be matched, of course, with others of equal force on the other sides, the sky-line is broken by the strong, well-designed pavilions roofed with stone that flank it. The dormers, too, which have the defect of being somewhat taller in proportion to their breadth than seems altogether agreeable, assist in breaking up the base from which the great roof soars, and thus emphasize its grandeur.

The furniture of the Assembly-chamber is elegant in design and finish. The wood used is mahogany, and the chairs are covered, backs and seats, with red leather. The floor is richly carpeted in crimson. Of the decorative features of the room it is impossible to form an accurate judgment, as they are not yet completed. There is an abundance of rich carving employed by the architects—on the capitals of the columns, the low mouldings of the windows, the railings of the galleries, the corbels that support the vaultings of the gallery behind the Speaker's desk, and the two chimney-pieces at the opposite end. Besides, there is a profusion of incised ornamentation and diaper-work; and this work in both kinds is carried up upon the vaulting, where it appears in the shape of bands which follow the course of stone-work. Of these bands each groin of each vault has two, one near the ridge, the other near the spring; and of these two belts both are carved, the higher one more deeply and richly than the lower. It is the intention of the architects to paint all this carved, incised, and diapered ornamentation, employing only the colors red and blue with gold. Between the upper and the lower tier of windows there are spaces for a frieze by Mr. J. Q. A. WARD not yet completed. Above the upper windows, on the spaces of the stone wall inclosed by the sides of the vaults, are two pictures, 45 by 15 feet in area, painted by Mr. WILLIAM HUNT, of Boston.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

HAPPILY it is comparatively seldom that a great ship, with its hundreds of passengers, is wrecked upon our coast, and the services of the life-saving crews brought prominently before the public. Yet none the less are brave deeds done and dangers constantly incurred by the watchful and courageous members of the Life-saving Service. Disasters are of frequent occurrence, but they are not widely chronicled; the nightly patrol along the beach and the daily help rendered to ship-wrecked crews of coasters or merchant vessels are realized and known in detail only by the life-savers themselves and those whom they rescue. During the month of October, 1878, there were thirty-one wrecks along our coasts, nine of which occurred in one day. In November thirty-four wrecks, seven in one day, were reported. December proved far less disastrous, only fifteen being reported. From the records of that month the details of one or two cases will serve to show the constant watchfulness and the value of the services rendered by surfmen to shipwrecked vessels. On December 1 the schooner *Peerless* ran ashore at two o'clock in the morning five miles west-southwest of Station No. 8, Fifth District of Maryland. The keeper and crew of the station boarded her in their life-boat at eight o'clock in the morning, but the captain refused to abandon his vessel, and the boat returned. Before noon the wind increased to a gale, and the life-savers again rowed out and came abreast of the vessel. This time they were unable to board on account of the violence of the wind and the tremendous sea. Three successive efforts were baffled, and the vessel finally capsized. Her crew of eight men were able to cling to her and keep above water, except when the sea broke over them. At 4 P.M. a successful connection with the wreck was established, and all the crew were saved. The vessel proved an entire loss. On December 17 an open sloop, laden with fish, and with two men and two women on board, ran upon Suptill's Ledge, Quoddy Bay, Maine, at 10 o'clock A.M. The life-saving crew of Station No. 1, First District, took off the persons on board, removed the cargo, ran out an anchor, floated the vessel at high water, restored her cargo and the people taken from her, and saw her safely on her way. The sloop had no boat, and would soon have careened and filled with water had she remained upon the ledge. On the 24th the schooner *C. & C. Brooks*, of New York, ran ashore at one o'clock in the morning, three-quarters of a mile from Station No. 25, Fourth District of New Jersey. The sea was very heavy. Upon reaching the schooner the life-saving crew found that she had sunk. Her crew of five men were in the rigging. They were taken into the boat and brought ashore in safety. The vessel became a total wreck. The crew were sheltered for several days at the station. These are only a few examples of the constant labors of the Life-saving Service.

"Young Mrs. Jardine" is the title of a new novel by Mrs. Mulock-Craik which begins in the February number of *Harper's Magazine*. A second paper on "Rambles in the South of France," with numerous illustrations, appears in this number. Also an illustrated poem by Will Carleton, entitled "Our Travelled Parson." "Treasures of the Deep," finely illustrated, is the opening article of the *Magazine*, and is by J. C. Beard. Other attractive papers are, "At the Mouth of the Amazons," "Winter Sports in Canada," and "Old Flemish Masters."

In connection with Wilhelmj the following anecdote is related: Some years ago he was engaged by a Jewish banker in Vienna to play at a private party. He was to play from seven to ten o'clock. The host had no knowledge of music whatever. Wilhelmj began to play the andante of a Mendelssohn concerto. The banker was dumfounded, and turning to his guests said, in a semi-whisper: "Excuse me—you see how these musicians are. I engaged him to play by the hour, and he plays slow."

Washington has enjoyed the reputation of being a healthful winter residence—at least until recently. But the death of four members of the House of Representatives since the beginning of the holidays, and the serious illness of others, have directed attention to the question whether there are not local causes which render Washington unhealthy. Change of climate and change in modes of living, no doubt, are among the causes of sickness; but it is believed also that imperfections in the sewerage system give rise to certain malarial diseases which prevail in the Capital City.

When Bayard Taylor died he had only just begun the *Life of Goethe*. His plan comprised three volumes, including with the biography of Goethe a sort of literary history of Germany during the eighteenth century.

Out of the great Paris Exhibition grew the great French lottery. About twelve millions of tickets have been sold under the auspices of the so-called National Lottery. The government desired to make the vast amount of unsold goods remaining after the Exhibition a source of revenue; and so, while the first prize is 150,000 francs, and there are several thousand prizes of smaller sums, the great majority of numbers entitle the holder to some article in the Palais de l'Industrie, of varying and uncertain value. The drawing for these lottery prizes commenced on January 15, and will continue for about three weeks, during which time the French people will be kept in a most unwholesome state of excitement.

Every new enterprise encounters difficulties which are gradually removed, or at least diminished by time and the experience of managers. Many complaints have been made in regard to the New York Elevated Railroad—lack of warmth in the cars, interruption in the running of the trains, inattention and negligence of employés, etc. The railroad company has assured the public that these defects are being remedied as rapidly as possible. The company has 1000 persons in its employ. The Third Avenue line carries hourly during the busiest portions of the day nearly 10,000 passengers, and it will be necessary to run trains every three-quarters of a minute. Since the opening of the road to the Grand Central Dépôt the company has transported more than 8,000,000 passengers, to no one of whom, it is stated, an accident has happened through fault of the company or defect in the road.

A much-to-be-regretted loss is that of the Birmingham and Midland Institute, at Birmingham, England, on January 11. It contained about 80,000 volumes, and but few were saved. This library possessed the most complete Shakspearean collection in the world, numbering 8000 volumes.

Broadway in the vicinity of Grand and Canal streets has been particularly unfortunate in regard to fires. The recent destruction of the Brooks Building recalls many other large conflagrations which have occurred in that neighborhood. In February, 1876, nearly a whole block was consumed in this same district, causing great destruction of property and the loss of several lives. The great fire of last week broke out about nine o'clock in the Brooks Building, and for several hours the brilliant flames cast their ruddy glare over the whole city, causing intense excitement among the gathering crowds. The falling walls crushed one fireman to death, others being seriously injured. The loss is estimated at over one million.

Statistics show that diphtheria is much more fatal in cold than in warm weather. During the six years ending December, 1876, 7579 persons died of diphtheria in the city of New York. Of these, 437 died in the June months, and 865 in the December months.

Ice-yachting on the Hudson is the most exciting sport of the season. The Poughkeepsie Yacht Club has put a large number of handsome craft upon the ice, there being, it is said, no yacht in the fleet but what can make a mile a minute in a stiff breeze. Over twenty yachts are owned by the club. The New Hamburg Ice-boat Club also own about fifteen yachts, and there is a prospect of some exciting racing during the winter.

The large and valuable library of the Academy of Medicine, at No. 12 West Thirty-first Street, has been thrown open to the public. The room and the books—about 6000 volumes—are free to all from 10 A.M. to 5 P.M. on week-days. The library contains many rare and interesting works, of which not a few will be appreciated by unprofessional readers. Among the donors to this library are Dr. Willard Parker, Dr. Fordyce Barker, Dr. John C. Peters, and Dr. S. S. Purple.

On December 16 an Englishwoman, known as Madame Anderson, undertook, in Brooklyn, the task of walking 2700 quarter miles in the same number of consecutive quarter hours, beginning at the first part of each quarter. This arduous and remarkable feat she successfully performed, finishing it on the night of January 13. This singular exhibition of pedestrianism has attracted crowds to the hall where the track was laid. Madame Anderson suffered chiefly from blistered feet and extreme drowsiness. At times she walked around the track with closed eyes, and apparently asleep. The wonderful endurance of this woman is unquestionable. But such exhibitions are certainly most undesirable. Apart from the fact that nature sets limits to excessive exercise, which can not be persistently unheeded without danger of death, no possible good, but much harm, is done to the public by going to see a woman perform a self-imposed task in the execution of which she is liable any moment to drop dead from exhaustion. The possibility of such a tragedy attracts multitudes, although it is both strange and pitiful that such is the fact, and the effect is pernicious.

GRAND WALKING MATCH AT BLACKVILLE—TERRIFIC STRUGGLE ON THE HOME STRETCH.—[Drawn by Sol Eytinge, Jun.]

ICE-YACHTING ON THE HUDSON.—DRAWN BY J. O. DAVIDSON.—[SEE PAGE 94.]

ALMOST YES.

A SONG.

I can not say the little word
You ask for, dearest friend,
But in the darker syllable
Such tender forethoughts blend
That no is almost yes—
That no is almost yes.

I dare not speak the magic word
That touches springs too deep
Of future grief and future joy,
But—bringing dreams from sleep—
Sad no is almost yes—
Sad no is almost yes.

But bringing dreams that once could shed
Rich lustre o'er my way
Till earth's rough paths were paradise—
Shall I not bid them stay?
Ah! no is almost—yes.
Love, almost no is—yes.

[Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1137.]

VIXEN.

By MISS M. E. BRADDON,

Author of "Dead Men's Shoes," "Hostages to Fortune," "An Open Verdict," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXII.

AT THE KENNELS.

It was a fresh, sunny morning, a soft west wind blowing up all the sweetness of the woods and leas. The cattle were grouped in lazy stillness on the dewy grass; the year's pigs, grown to the hobbledehoy stage of existence, were grubbing about contentedly among the furze bushes; by the road-side a matronly sow lay stretched flat upon her side in the sunshine, just where carriage wheels must pass over her were carriages frequent in those parts.

Even the brightness of the morning had no charm for Vixen. There was no delight for her in the green solemnity of the forest glades, where the beechen pillars led the eye away into innumerable vistas, each grandly mysterious as a cathedral aisle. The sun shot golden arrows through dark boughs, patching the moss with translucent lights, vivid and clear as the lustre of emeralds. The gentle plash of the forest stream rippling over its pebbly bed made a tender music that was wont to seem passing sweet to Violet Tempest's ear. To-day she heard nothing, saw nothing. Her brain was clouded with angry thoughts.

She left the forest by-and-by, following one of the familiar cart tracks, and came out into the peaceful little colony of Beechdale, where it was a chance if the noonday traveller saw any thing alive except a youthful family of pigs enjoying an oasis of mud in a dry land, or an intrusive dog rushing out of a cottage to salute the wayfarer with an inquiring bark. The children were still in school. The hum of their voices was wafted from the open windows. The church door stood open. The village graves upon the sunward-fronting slope were bright with common flowers, the dead lying with their feet to the west, ready to stand up and see their Lord at the resurrection morning.

Vixen hurried through the little village, not wanting to see Mrs. Scobel or any one she knew this morning. There was a long rustic lane opposite the church that led straight to the kennels.

"I will go and see the fox-hounds," said Vixen. "They are true and faithful. But perhaps all those I love best have been sold or are dead by this time."

It seemed to her ages since she had been to the kennels with her father. It had been his favorite walk, out of the hunting season, and he had rarely suffered a week to pass without making his visit of inspection. Since her return Violet had carefully avoided the well-known spot; but to-day, out of the very bitterness of her heart, came a desire to renew past associations. Bullfinch was gone forever, but the hounds at least remained; and her father had loved them almost as well as he had loved Bullfinch.

Nothing was changed at the kennels. The same feeder, in corduroy and fustian, came out of the cooking-house when Vixen opened the five-barred gate. The same groom was lounging in front of the stables where the horses were kept for the huntsman and his underlings. The whole place had the same slumberous out-of-season look she remembered so well in the days when hunting was over.

The men touched their caps to Miss Tempest as she passed them. She went straight to the kennels. There were the three wooden doors, opening into three square stone-paved yards, each door provided with a round eye-hole, through which the authorities might scrutinize the assembly within. A loud yelping arose as Vixen's footstep drew near. Then there were frantic snufflings under the doors, and a general agitation. She looked through the little eye-hole into the middle yard. Yes, there they were, fourteen or fifteen couple, tumultuously excited, as if they knew she was there—white and black-and-tan, pointed noses, beautiful intelligent eyes, bright tan spots upon marked brows, some with a streak of white running down the long sharp noses, some heavy in the jowl, some with muzzles sharp as a greyhound's, thirty tails erect and agitated.

The feeder remembered Miss Tempest perfectly, though it was more than three years since her last visit.

"Would you like to go in and see 'em, miss?" he said.

"Yes, if you please, Dawson. You have Gauntlet still, I see. That is Gauntlet, isn't it? And Dart, and Juno, and Ringlet, and Artful."

"Yes, miss. There ain't many gone since you was here. But there's a lot o' poppies. You'd like to see the poppies, wouldn't you, miss? They be in the next kennel, if you'll just wait five minutes."

Cleanliness was the order of the day at the kennels, but to do the late master's daughter more honor, Dawson, the feeder, called a bright-looking lad, his subordinate, and divers pails of water were fetched, and the three little yards washed out vigorously before Miss Tempest was invited to enter. When she did go in, the yard was empty and clean as a new pin. The hounds had been sent into their house, where they were all grouped picturesquely on a bench littered with straw, looking as grave as a human parliament, and much wiser. Nothing could be more beautiful than their attitudes, or more intelligent than their countenances.

Vixen looked in at them through the barred window.

"Dear things," she exclaimed; "they are as lovely as ever. How fond papa was of them!"

And then the kennel huntsman, who had appeared on the scene by this time, opened the door and smacked his whip; and the fourteen couple came leaping helter-skelter out into the little yard, and made a rush at Vixen, and surrounded her, and fawned upon her, and caressed her as if their recognition of her after long years was perfect, and as if they had been breaking their hearts for her in the interval. Perhaps they would have been just as affectionate to the next comer, having a large surplus stock of love always on hand ready to be lavished on the human race; but Vixen took these demonstrations as expressive of a peculiar attachment, and was moved to tears by the warmth of this canine greeting.

"Thank God! there are some living things that love me," she exclaimed.

"Something that loves you!" cried a voice from the door of the yard. "Does not every thing noble or worthy love you, as it loves all that is beautiful?"

Turning quickly, with a scared look, Violet saw Roderick Vawdrey standing in the doorway.

He stood quietly watching her, his dark eyes softened with a look of tender admiration. There could hardly have been a prettier picture than the tall girlish figure and bright chestnut head, the fair face bending over the upturned noses of the hounds as they clustered round her, some standing up with their strong white paws upon her shoulder, some nestling at her knees. Her hat had fallen off, and was being trampled under a multitude of restless feet.

Rorie came into the little yard. The huntsman cracked his whip, and the hounds went tumbling one over the other into their house, where they leaped upon their straw bed, and grouped themselves as if they had been sitting for their portraits to Sir Edwin Landseer. Two inquisitive fellows stood up with their paws upon the ledge of the barred window, and looked out at Violet and the new master.

"I did not know you were at Briarwood," she said, as they shook hands.

"I only came home last night. My first visit was naturally here. I wanted to see if every thing was in good order."

"When do you begin to hunt?"

"On the 1st of October. You are going to hunt this year, of course."

"No. I have never followed the hounds since papa's death. I don't suppose I ever shall again."

"What! not with your step-father?"

"Certainly not with Captain Carmichael."

"Then you must marry a hunting man," said Rorie, gayly. "We can't afford to lose the straightest rider in the Forest."

"I am not particularly in love with hunting—for a woman. There seems something bloodthirsty in it. And Bates says that if ladies only knew how their horses' backs get wrung in the hunting season, they would hardly have the heart to hunt. It was very nice to ride by papa's side when I was a little girl. I would have gone any where with him—through an Indian jungle after tigers—but I don't care about it now."

"Well, perhaps you are right; though I should hardly have expected such mature wisdom from my old playfellow, whose flowing locks used once to be the cynosure of the hunting field. And now, Violet—I may call you Violet, may I not, as I did in the old days—at least when I did not call you Vixen."

"That was papa's name," she said, quickly. "Nobody ever calls me that now."

"I understand; I am to call you Violet. And we are to be good friends always, are we not, with a true and loyal friendship?"

"I have not so many friends that I can afford to give up one who is stanch and true," answered Violet, sadly.

"And I mean to be stanch and true, believe me; and I hope by-and-by, when you come to know Mabel, you and she will be fast friends. You may not cotton to her very easily at first, because, you see, she reads Greek, and goes in for natural science, and has a good many queer ways. But she is all that is pure-minded and noble. She has been brought up in an atmosphere of flattery. It is the only fault she has."

"I shall be very glad if she will let me like her," Violet said, meekly.

They had strolled away from the kennels into the surrounding forest, where the free horses of the soil were roaming from pasture to pasture, and a few vagabond pigs were stealing a march on their brethren for whom the joys of pannage time had not yet begun. They walked along idly, following a cart track that led into the woody deeps, where the earliest autumn leaves were falling gently in the soft west wind. By-and-by they came to a fallen oak, lying by the side of the track, ready for barking, and it seemed the most natural thing in the world to sit down side by side on this rustic seat, and talk of days gone by, lazily watching the flickering shadows and darting sun rays in the opposite thicket or along the slanting stretch of open turf—that smooth emerald grass so inviting to the eye, so perilous to the foot of man or beast.

"And now, Violet, tell me all about yourself, and about this second marriage of your mother's," Roderick began, earnestly. "I hope you have quite reconciled yourself to the idea of it by this time."

"I have not reconciled myself; I never shall," answered Violet, with restrained anger. "I know that mamma has heaped up sorrow for herself in the days to come, and I pity her too much to be angry with her. Yes; I, who ought to look up to and respect my mother, can only look down upon her and pity her. That is a hard thing, is it not, Rorie? She has married a bad man—mean and false and tyrannical. Shall I tell you what he has done within these last few days?"

"Do. I hope it is not any thing very bad."

Violet told how Bullfinch had been sold.

"It looks mean, certainly," said Mr. Vawdrey; "but I dare say, to Captain Carmichael, as a man of the world, it might seem a foolish thing to keep a horse nobody rode, especially such a valuable horse as Bullfinch. Your father gave two hundred and fifty for him at Andover, I remember. And you really have too many horses at the Abbey House."

"Arion will be the next to be sold, I dare say."

"Oh, no, no. He could not be such an insolent scoundrel as to sell your horse. That would be too much. Besides, you will be of age in a year or two, and your own mistress."

"I shall not be of age for the next seven years. I am not to come of age till I am five-and-twenty."

"Phew!" whistled Rorie. "That's a long shot off. How is that?"

"Papa left it so in his will. It was his care of me, no doubt. He never would have believed that mamma would marry again."

"And for the next seven years you are to be in a state of tutelage, dependent on your mother for every thing?"

"For every thing. And that will really mean dependent upon Captain Carmichael, because I am very sure that as long as he lets mamma wear pretty dresses, she will be quite contented to let him be master of every thing else."

"But if you were to marry—"

"I suppose that would entangle or disentangle matters somehow. But I am not likely to marry."

"I don't see that," said Rorie. "I should think nothing was more likely."

"Allow me to be the best judge of my own business," exclaimed Vixen, looking desperately angry. "I will go so far as to say that I never shall marry."

"Oh, very well, if you insist upon it, let it be understood so. And now, Vix—Violet, don't you think if you could bring yourself to conciliate Captain Carmichael, to resign yourself, in fact, to the inevitable, and take things pleasantly, it would make your life happier for the next seven years? I really would try to do it, if I were you."

"I had made up my mind to a life of hypocrisy before he sold Bullfinch," replied Vixen, "but now I shall hate him frankly."

"But, Violet, don't you see that unless you can bring yourself to live pleasantly with that man, your life will be made miserable? Fate condemns you to live under the same roof with him."

"I am not sure about that. I could go out as a governess. I am not at all clever, but I think I could teach enough for twenty pounds a year, or at least give my services in exchange for a comfortable home, as the advertisements say. How I wish I could read Greek and play Chopin, like Lady Mabel Ashbourne! I'll write to dear old M'Croke, and ask her to get me a place."

"My dear Violet, how can you talk so absurdly. You, the future mistress of the Abbey House, to go meandering about the world teaching buttermen's or tea-dealers' children to spell B a, Ba, and A b, Ab?"

"It might be better than sitting at meat with a man I detest," said Vixen. "Am I to value the flesh-pots of Egypt more than my liberty and independence of spirit?"

"You have your mother to think of," urged Roderick. "You owe duty and obedience to her, even if she has offended you by this foolish marriage. If you have so bad an opinion of Captain Carmichael, you are all the more bound to stand by your mother."

"That is an argument worth listening to," said Vixen. "It might be cruel to leave poor mamma quite at his mercy. I don't suppose he would actually ill-treat her. He knows his own interest too well for that. He would not lock her up in a cellar, or beat or starve her. He will be content with making himself her master. She will have no more will of her own than if she were a prettily dressed doll placed at the head of the table for show. She will be lulled into a state of childish bliss, and go smiling through life, believing she has not a wish ungratified. Every body will think her the happiest of women, and Captain Carmichael the best of husbands."

Vixen said all this with prophetic earnestness, looking straight forward into the green glade before her, where the beech-nuts and acorns were dropping in a gentle rain of plenty.

"I hope things won't be quite so bad as you anticipate. I hope you will be able to make yourself happy in spite of Captain Carmichael. And we shall see each other pretty often, I hope, Violet, as we used in old times. The Dovedales are at Wiesbaden—the duke only holds existence on the condition of deluging himself with German waters once a year—but they are to be back early in November. I shall make the duchess call on Mrs. Carmichael directly she returns."

"Thanks; mamma will be very pleased. I wonder you are not with them."

"Oh, I had to begin my duties as M. F. H. I wouldn't have been away for the world."

Violet looked at her watch. It was a good deal later than she had supposed. Time goes quickly when one is talking over a new grievance with an old friend. She was a long way from the Abbey House.

"I must go home," she said; "mamma and Captain Carmichael may arrive at any moment. There is no time named in mamma's last telegram," she said; "only that they are moving gently homeward."

"Let us go, then," said Rorie, rising from his rugged seat.

"But I am not going to take you out of your way. Every step of my way home takes you farther from Briarwood."

"Never mind if it does. I mean to walk home with you. I dare say, if I were very tired, Bates would lend me a mount home."

"You can have Arion, if you like."

"No, thanks. Arion shall not have my thirteen stone; I want a little more timber under me."

"You ought to have had Bullfinch," said Vixen, regretfully.

"I would have had him if I had known he was in the market. The writing a figure or so more or less in a check should not have hindered me."

CHAPTER XXIII.

A BAD BEGINNING.

That walk through the forest was very pleasant to Violet. It was a day on which mere existence was a privilege; and now that her spirits had been soothed by her confidential talk with Rorie, Vixen could enjoy those sights and sounds and sweet wild scents of the woodland that had ever been a rapture to her.

This forest-born girl loved her native woods as Wordsworth loved his lakes and mountains, as Byron loved the bleak bare landscape round the city of Aberdeen. Their poetry and beauty filled her heart with a deep contentment. To walk or ride alone through pathless forest glades, or in the scented darkness of fir plantations, was enough for happiness. But it was comforting to-day—on the day when her heart had been so cruelly wounded—to have Roderick Vawdrey by her side. It was like a leaf out of the closed volume of the past.

They talked freely and happily during that long homeward walk, and their conversation was chiefly of by-gone days. Almost every speech began with, "Do you remember?" Vixen was gayer than she had been for a long time, save once or twice when a pang shot through her heart at the idea that Bullfinch was being shaken about in a railway box, oscillating helplessly with every vibration of the train, and panic-stricken in every tunnel.

The sun had declined from his meridian; he had put on his sober afternoon glory, and was sending shafts of mellower gold along the green forest aisles, when Miss Tempest and her companion drew near the Abbey House. They went in at the gate by the keeper's cottage, the gate which Titmouse had jumped so often in the days when he carried his childish mistress. They went through the wood of rhododendrons, and past the old archway leading to the stables, and round by the shrubbery to the porch. The door stood open as usual, and the squire's old pointer was lying on the threshold, but within all was commotion. Dress baskets, hat cases, bonnet boxes, gun cases, travelling bags, carriage rugs, were lying about in every direction. Mrs. Carmichael was leaning back in the large chair by the fire-place, fanning herself with her big black fan; Pauline was standing by in attendance, and the gypsy table, with the Bristol tea set, was being brought in by Forbes the butler, whose honest old face wore a troubled aspect.

Captain Carmichael was standing with his back to the hearth, his countenance and whole figure wearing the unmistakable air of the master of a house who has returned to his domicile in an execrable temper.

Violet ran to Mrs. Carmichael, every other thought forgotten in the pleasure of seeing her mother again. These six weeks were the longest parting mother and daughter had ever known; and, after all, blood is thicker than water, and there is a natural leaning in a child's mind even to the weakest of parents.

Mr. Vawdrey stood in the background waiting till those affectionate greetings natural to such an occasion should be over.

But to his surprise there were no such greetings. Mrs. Carmichael went on fanning herself vehemently, with a vexed expression of countenance, while Violet bent over and kissed her. Captain Carmichael swayed himself slowly backward and forward upon the heels of his boots, and whistled to himself *sotto voce*, with his eyes fixed upon some lofty region of empty air. He vouchsafed not the faintest notice of his step-daughter or Mr. Vawdrey.

"It's really too bad of you, Violet," the mother exclaimed at last.

"Dear mamma," cried Vixen, in blank amazement, "what have I done?"

"To go roaming about the country," pursued Mrs. Carmichael, plaintively, "for hours at a stretch, nobody knowing where to find you or what had become of you. And my telegram lying there unattended to."

"Did you telegraph, mamma?"

"Did I telegraph? Should I come home without telegraphing? Should I be so mad as to expose myself knowingly to the outrage which has been offered to me to-day?"

"Dearest mamma, you alarm me. What has happened?"

"One of the deepest humiliations I ever had to endure. But you were roaming about the forest. You were following the instincts of your wild nature. What do you care for my mortification? If I had telegraphed to my housekeeper, it would not have happened. But I trusted in my daughter."

"Dear mamma," pleaded Vixen, looking anxious and bewildered, "if you would only ex-

plain. You make me miserable. What has happened?”

“Violet, your step-father and I had to drive home from the station in a fly!”

“Oh, mamma!” cried Vixen, with a gasp. “Is that all?”

“Is that all? Do you think that is not enough? Do you understand, child?—a fly—a common innkeeper's fly—that any body may have for half a guinea; a fly with a mouldy lining, smelling of—other people! And on such an occasion, when every eye was upon us! No; I was never so degraded. And we had to wait—yes, a quarter of an hour at least, and it seemed ages, while Pycroft's fly was got ready for us; yes, while a rough forest pony was dragged out of his wretched stable, and a man, whose face had not been washed for a week, shuffled himself into an old watchman's coat. And there were all the porters staring at me, and laughing inwardly, I know. And, as a last drop in the cup, Colonel Carteret drove up in his phaeton to catch the up train just as we were getting into that disgraceful-looking vehicle, and would stop to shake hands with us both, and insisted upon handing me into the horrid thing.”

“Dear mamma, I am more sorry than I can say,” said Vixen, gently; “but I was afraid it was something much worse.”

“Nothing could be worse, Violet.”

“Then the telegram was to order the carriage to meet you, I suppose?”

“Of course. We telegraphed from the Grosvenor at nine o'clock this morning. Who would imagine that you would be out-of-doors at such an hour?”

“I am not often out so early. But something happened this morning to put me out of temper, and I went for a ramble.”

“A ramble lasting from nine in the morning till half past four in the afternoon,” remarked Captain Carmichael, with his gaze still fixed upon empty space. “Rather a long walk for a solitary young lady.”

Vixen appeared unconscious that any one had spoken. Roderick Vawdrey felt a burning desire to kick the new master of the Abbey House.

“Shall I pour out your tea, mamma?” asked Vixen, meekly.

“If you like. I am utterly prostrate. To have no carriage to meet me on such an occasion! I dare say every body in the Forest knows all about it by this time. When I came home from my honey-moon with your poor papa, the church bells rang all the afternoon, and the road was lined with people wanting to get a glimpse of us, and there were floral arches—”

“Ah, mamma, those things can not happen twice in a lifetime,” said Vixen, with irrepressible bitterness. “One happy marriage is as much as any woman can expect.”

“A woman has a right to expect her own carriage,” said Captain Carmichael.

“I am afraid I have paid my visit at rather an unfortunate moment,” said Roderick, coming forward and addressing himself solely to Mrs. Carmichael; “but I could not go without saying how do you do. I hope you had a pleasant journey from Scotland—bar the fly.”

“How do you do, Roderick? Yes, it was all pleasant except that last contretemps. Imagine the Duchess of Dovedale's feelings if she arrived at the station adjoining her own estate and found no carriage to meet her!”

“My aunt would tuck up her petticoats and trudge home,” answered Roderick, smiling. “She's a plucky little woman.”

“Yes, perhaps, on an ordinary occasion. But to-day it was so different. Every body will talk about our return.”

“Most people are still away,” suggested Rorie, with a view to comfort.

“Oh, but their servants will hear it, and they will tell their masters and mistresses. All gossip begins that way. Besides, Colonel Carteret saw us, and what he knows every body knows.”

After this Roderick felt that all attempts at consolation were hopeless. He would have liked to put Mrs. Carmichael into a better temper for Violet's sake. It was not a pleasant home atmosphere in which he was obliged to leave his old playfellow on this the first day of her new life. Captain Carmichael maintained a forbidding silence; Mrs. Carmichael did not even ask any one to have a cup of tea; Violet sat on the opposite side of the hearth, pale and quiet, with Argus at her knee, and one arm wound caressingly round his honest head.

“I've been looking at the kennels this morning,” said Roderick, looking at the new master of the Abbey House with a cheerful assumption that every thing was going on pleasantly. “We shall begin business on the 1st. You'll hunt, of course.”

“Well, yes; I suppose I shall give myself a day occasionally.”

“I shall not have a happy moment while you are out,” said Mrs. Carmichael. “I used to be miserable about poor dear Edward.”

Vixen winced. These careless references to the dead hurt her more than the silence of complete oblivion. To remember, and to be able to speak so lightly. That seemed horrible.

“I doubt if I shall hunt much this season,” pursued Captain Carmichael, as much as to say that he was not going to be grateful to the new master of the fox-hounds as a public benefactor, however many hundreds that gentleman might disburse in order to make up the short-comings of a scanty subscription. “I shall have a great deal to occupy me. This place has been much neglected, naturally, within the last few years. There is no end of work to be done.”

“Are you going to pull down the Abbey House and build an Italian villa on its site?” asked Vixen, her upper lip curling angrily. “That would be rather a pity. Some people think it a fine old place, and it has been in my father's family since the reign of Henry the Eighth.”

To the captain's ear this speech had a covert insolence. The Abbey House was to belong to Violet in the future. Neither he nor his wife had a right to touch a stone of it.

“I hope I shall do nothing injudicious,” he said, politely.

“My aunt will be back in a week or two, Mrs. Carmichael,” said Roderick. “I shall bring her over to see you directly she settles down at Ashbourne. And now I think I'd better be off; I've a long walk home, and you must be too tired to care about talking or being talked to.”

“I am very tired,” answered Mrs. Carmichael, languidly; “but I should have liked to hear all your news.”

“I'm afraid that's not much. I only came home last night; I have been shooting grouse in Renfrew.”

“Plenty of birds this year?” inquired the captain, with a languid interest.

“Pretty fair. The rainy spring killed a good many of the young birds.”

“Do you remember any year in which that complaint was not made?” retorted Captain Carmichael.

Rorie took his departure after this, and contrived to give Violet's hand an encouraging squeeze at parting, accompanied with a straight steady look, which said as plainly as words: “You have one friend who will be stanch and true, come what may.”

Vixen understood him, and sudden tears welled up to her eyes—the first that had clouded them since her parting with Bullfinch. She brushed them away hurriedly, but not so quickly as to escape Captain Carmichael's observation.

“If you'll excuse me, mamma, I'll run and dress for dinner,” she said, “unless there is any thing I can do for you. Your rooms are quite ready.”

“I'm glad of that,” replied Mrs. Carmichael, fretfully; “for really, after our reception at the railway station, I expected to find every thing at sixes and sevens.”

“Dear mamma, you must know that was quite an accident.”

“An accident very likely to occur when a young lady indulges in *tête-à-tête* forest rambles with an old friend, instead of waiting at home for her mother's letters and telegrams,” remarked Captain Carmichael, caressing his neat whisker with his irreproachable hand.

“What do you mean?” said Vixen, turning sharply upon him. “I went out alone this morning. Mr. Vawdrey and I met at the kennels by accident.”

“A chapter of accidents,” sneered the captain. “I have no objection to make, Miss Tempest, if your mamma has none. But I am rather sorry for the young lady Mr. Vawdrey is going to marry.”

“Mr. Vawdrey was my father's friend, and will never cease to be mine,” said Vixen, with flashing eyes. “There can be nothing offensive to Lady Mabel Ashbourne in our friendship.”

She was gone before her step-father could reply, or her mother reprove her want of respect for that new relative.

“I suppose I had better go and dress too,” said Mrs. Carmichael, “and in the evening we can talk about our first dinner party. I dare say we shall have a great many people calling to-morrow afternoon. It will be rather trying. There is such a painful feeling in being a bride and not a bride, as it were. People's congratulations hardly sound hearty.”

“I dare say they have rather a vapid flavor, like a warmed-up dinner,” said the captain. “That is the result of living in a neighborhood where your first husband was known and popular. If we went among strangers, their congratulations would be a great deal heartier. But I hope you don't begin to repent already, my dear Pamela.”

“Conrad! How can you imagine such a thing?—after your delicate attentions, your devoted care of me during our tour. What dress shall I wear this evening? Do you like me best in blue or amber?”

“To my eye all colors suit you. But I think a woman”—he was going to say “of your age,” but checked himself and substituted—“in the maturity of her beauty looks best in velvet, or some rich and heavy material that falls in massive folds, like the drapery in a portrait by Velasquez. A border of fur, too, is an artistic introduction in a woman's dress—you see it often in Velasquez. Heavy old laces are, of course, always admirable. And for color I like the warmer hues best—wine-dark purples or deep glowing reds; rich ruddy browns, with a knot of amber now and then for relief.”

“How beautifully you talk!” cried Mrs. Carmichael, delighted. “I only wish Theodore could hear you. It would give her new ideas; for, after all, the best dress-makers are *bornées*. It is too early in the year for velvet; I shall put on my dark green brocade, with the old Flanders lace. I am so glad you like lace. It is my chief weakness. Even dear Edward, who was so generous, thought me a little extravagant in the matter of lace. But when one once begins to collect, the study is so interesting one is led on.”

“Good heavens! is my wife a collector?” thought Captain Carmichael, horrified. “That must be put a stop to, or she will ruin me.”

And then he went off to his dressing-room, rather wearily, to put on full dress for a home dinner—a sacrifice to his new state of existence which he found very irksome. He would have liked to dine in a shooting-jacket, and smoke all the evening. But his smoking now, instead of pervading the whole house, as it had done in his snug bachelor quarters, was an indulgence to be taken out-of-doors, or in a room appointed for the purpose. He was not even to smoke in the fine old hall, for it was one of the family sitting-rooms, and Mrs. Carmichael could not endure smoke.

“I am not at all fanciful or capricious,” she told her husband early in the honey-moon, “but smoking is one of my horrors. I hope, dear Conrad, it is not too much to ask you never to smoke in any room I use.”

Captain Carmichael pledged himself to respect this and every other wish of his wife's. It was his policy to be subservient in small matters, in order to be master in things of importance. But that daily dressing for dinner was something of a bore; and the dinners themselves—*tête-à-tête* dinners, in which he had to take as much trouble to be amusing as at a dinner party—had been apt to hang heavily upon him. He had even proposed dining at the *table d'hôte*, but this idea Mrs. Carmichael rejected with horror.

“I have never dined at a *table d'hôte* in my life, Conrad,” she exclaimed, “and I certainly should not begin during my wedding tour.”

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

IN 1877 Captain RICHARD BURTON, the distinguished traveller and explorer, made a hasty reconnoissance of what was in former times known as the “Land of Midian,” and as such very frequently mentioned in Scripture history. This is situated on the Gulf of Akaba, and occupies an extent of about 213 miles, being thus placed east of the Sinaitic peninsula and south of Palestine.

Few portions of Asia have been less known in modern times than this, Dr. RÜPPEL, WELSTEAD, Dr. WALTON, and others well known having made flying trips into it without traversing it to any extent. Captain BURTON, being greatly interested by the discoveries of mineral wealth and of archæological remains during his first visit in 1877, which occupied about half the month of April, and resulted in the collection of specimens of gold, silver, and other valuable minerals, forming the basis of a work entitled *The Gold Mines of Midian*, instituted a second expedition in 1878, under the auspices of the Khedive of Egypt, on a much larger scale, as it embraced an artist, a geologist, six Egyptian officers, with an escort of twenty-five negro soldiers, and thirty unarmed miners. They were furnished with a liberal supply of mules, tents, and implements, the object being to bring back a sufficient quantity of the precious minerals for the purpose of assay. The party reached El-Muwaylah on the 19th of February, and continued their operations until the 18th of April, 1878, having discovered the location of numerous quarries of precious metals, and of the turquois, and bringing back a series of interesting antiquities to the amount of about twenty-five tons. A critical examination of these minerals was considered necessary before any special arrangements could be made to work the mines of the region with European capital.

It is not at all unlikely that this country will be the scene of a still more extended exploration, accompanied by the means for the development of its mineral wealth. A full report of this expedition can not fail to be of great interest.

Captain BURTON remarks that in this last quarter of the nineteenth century the whole region is less civilized than it was in the nineteenth century before Christ.

Many exaggerated statements having been made as to the size of the tiger, Dr. FAYRER, whose great work on the poisonous serpents of India has made him so well known, writes, confirming Dr. JERDON's conclusions, that a tiger ten feet in length, measured properly from the end of the nose to the tip of the tail, represents a very large size, although there is authentic evidence to prove that they have occasionally reached a length of even twelve feet. This, however, is very rare, and is only shown by a comparison of a large number of observations.

We some time ago referred to the proposed systematic work upon the natural history of Central America under the direction of Messrs. SALVIN and GODMAN, this promising to be one of the most extensive and exhaustive works ever published in regard to so large an extent of country. The botanical portion of this work is being prepared by Mr. W. B. HENSLEY, of the Kew Herbarium. This gentleman has just published a pamphlet of diagnoses of new species of the polypetalæ of that region, 111 in number.

A very complete *Hand-book of Alabama* has lately been published by Mr. SAFFOLD BIRNEY, at Mobile. It is interesting in a scientific point of view, having a complete geological appendix, accompanied by a map.

The economical resources of the State, the mineral wealth, timber, grass, etc., as also its climate and other peculiarities, are set forth elaborately. The geological contribution is by Dr. EUGENE A. SMITH, the State Geologist.

The death, at the age of sixty-eight, of Mr. JAMES M'NAB, curator of the Edinburgh Botanic Garden, took place in the month of November last, and represents a serious loss in the ranks of horticulturists. Prominence was first given to Mr. M'NAB by a visit to the United States and Canada in 1834, during which he collected and sent to Edinburgh many plants not known at the time to the British gardens. In 1848 he succeeded his father, after his thirty-eight years of superintendence, as the director of the Botanic Garden, which position he has held ever since.

Dr. SCHLIEMANN, as has already been announced, has for some time past been engaged in continuing his excavations on the site of Troy, under better auspices than before, and he has already made some additional discoveries of much interest. A remarkable fact is the discovery of immense numbers of shells of cockles and mussels found in all the strata of the prehistoric débris—species said to be no longer found on the shores of the Hellespont and Ægean.

The death of Dr. ERNEST FISHER, assistant of the Zoological Institute of Kiel, took place at Munich on the 24th of September. This gentleman was well known by the publication of a number of historical works.

The admirable work by Mr. WILLIAM H. EDWARDS on the *Butterflies of North America* has been continued by the publication of the seventh part of the second series, which, like its predecessors, is illustrated by five quarto plates of interesting species, drawn by Miss MARY PEART, of Philadelphia. It is especially interesting from the number of observations made by the author, and his correspondence upon dimorphism and polymorphism of a number of the lepidoptera.

The Bulletin of the Torrey Botanical Club describes a truffle new to the North American flora. Referring to the great rarity of this fungus in America, it is suggested that this is more apparent than real, and that probably when more attention is directed to their acquisition, as in Europe, we shall find that we are amply provided.

The death is announced of Herr DOHRANDT, lately appointed to the directorship of the Tiflis Observatory. He was one of the most promising of Russian meteorologists.

The destruction of enormous quantities of fish in the Ganges is attributed to the fact of the turbidity of the water, produced by the sudden rise of one of the branches after a long drought, which caused so many particles of mud to mingle in the water as to impregnate the gills of the fish and prevent their breathing.

Dr. AUGUST FOREL, who started some months ago to make a scientific exploration of Colombia, South America, has returned to Munich, in consequence of the sudden death at St. Thomas of the companion of his voyage.

The recent Proceedings of the Zoological Society of London contain a very elaborate article by Professor HUXLEY on the cray-fishes, of which we have so many familiar instances in the fresh-water streams of the United States. As a generalization upon the subject he remarks that the forms of the northern hemisphere are generically distinguished from those of the southern; that the American cray-fishes east of the Sierra Nevada differ generically from those west of that range, as well as from the South American species; that while the Western North American cray-fishes belong to the same genus as those of the Old World, the South American forms are more closely allied to those of Madagascar and Australia; also, that the New Zealand species are distinguished from the Australian forms, and that the latter are to be placed in the same genus as those of Madagascar and South America. The entire absence of cray-fishes in equatorial South America, Africa, and the rest of the Old World south of the northern escarpment of the great Asiatic highlands is also mentioned as a subject of interest.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

WE are not obliged to believe every thing we hear. Stanley was told at Karagwé of a strange people “who had long ears descending to their feet; one ear formed a mat to sleep on, the other served to cover them from the cold, like a dressed hide.”

“Young Philosopher” would like to inquire what a “safety” match is, and why so called. A safety match is one in which the young man owns a span of horses, a three-story house, and a seal ring, while the young lady's father is the possessor of sixty thousand dollars in government bonds, and a whole square of brick blocks.

A country doctor announces that he has changed his residence to the neighborhood of the church-yard, which he hopes may prove a convenience to his numerous patients.

“What is the reason,” said an Irishman to another, “that you and your wife are always disagreeing?” “Because,” replied Pat, “we are *both of one mind*—she wants to be master, and so do I.”

Said a railroad engineer to an Irishman whose cow had been killed, “But she didn't get out of the way when I rang the bell.” “Faith, thin,” said Pat, “ye didn't shtop when she rang her bell, naythur.”

INSTRUCTOR. “What does Condillac say about brutes in the scale of being?”
STUDENT. “He says a brute is an imperfect animal.
INSTRUCTOR. “And what is man?”
STUDENT. “Man is a perfect brute.”

FREDERICK. “Why art thou, darling, like Venuth?”
ANGELINA. “Why, Fred, what a funny question! I don't know.”
FREDERICK. “Becauth, darling—becauth—you are a thweet myth.” [*They kith.*

EXTRACT FROM A ROMANCE. “With one hand he held her beautiful golden head above the chilling waves, and with the other called loudly for assistance.”

“Gentlemen of the jury,” said an Irish barrister, “it will be for you to say whether this defendant shall be allowed to come into court with unblushing footsteps, with the cloak of hypocrisy in his mouth, and draw three bullocks out of my client's pocket with impunity.”

The venerable wife of a celebrated physician one day, casting her eyes out of the window, observed her husband in the funeral procession of one of his patients, at which she exclaimed: “I do wish my husband would keep away from such processions. It appears so much like a tailor carrying home his work!”

“Thus do we burn the midnight toil,” said the facetious editor as he consigned old Mumblepeg's manuscript to the fire.

“I presume you won't charge any thing for just remembering me,” said a one-legged sailor to a wooden-leg manufacturer.

AT THE GARDEN GATE.

They lingered at the garden gate—
  The moon was full above;
He took her darling hand in his,
  The trembling little dove,
And pressed it to his fervent lips,
  And softly told his love.

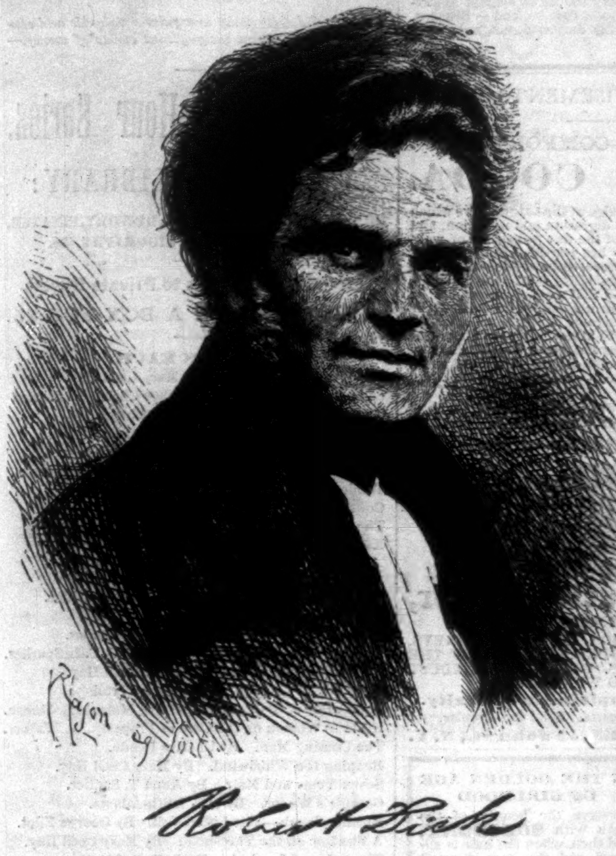
About her waist he placed his arm;
  He called her all his own;
His heart, he said, it ever beat
  For her, and her alone;
And he was happier than a king
  Upon a golden throne.

“Come weal, come woe,” in ardent tones
  This youth continued he,
“As is the needle to the pole,
  So I will constant be:
No power on earth shall tear thee, love,
  Away, I swear, from me!”

From out the chamber window popped
  A grizzly night-capped head;
A hoarse voice yelled, “You, Susan Jane,
  Come in and go to bed!”
And that was all—it was enough:
  The young man wildly fled.

VERY SOCIAL.

FIRST D. H. CONSPIRATOR. "After we have killed all Kings and Rulers, *we shall be the Sovereigns.*"
SECOND D. H. CONSPIRATOR. "And then we can kill each other. What sport!"



BAKER AND NATURALIST.

MR. SMILES's interesting and somewhat pathetic biography of ROBERT DICK forms a delightful companion volume to his *Life of a Scotch Naturalist*, published by the HARPERS some two or three years ago. This remarkable man, whose contributions to scientific lore rival those of the most eminent scholars, was of humble origin, and passed his life as a baker in an obscure village of one of the northern counties of Scotland. Few lives have been poorer in incident or more devoid of earthly grandeur, yet few have been richer in that magnificent cultivation of mind and soul that comes from a long and intimate study of and communion with nature.

The story of ROBERT DICK's outward life is so simple that it can be sketched in a few words. He was born in the village of Tullibody, in Clackmannanshire, and was one of four children. His father was an officer of excise, an able and intelligent man, and one who fully appreciated the advantages of education. He sent his children to school in their youth, as is the universal custom in Scotland, and fully intended that ROBERT and his brother should go to college on arriving at a proper age. These schemes were overturned, however, by a second marriage, which took place shortly after the death of his first wife, and when the children were yet young. The lady who came to rule over MR. DICK's household is described by those who knew her as not an unkindly person; but when, within a few years, a second brood of little ones began to gather around her, the presence of the step-children became unwelcome, and one by one they were provided with humble situations in which they might earn their own livelihood. ROBERT was apprenticed to a baker, and for three years he worked at his trade, receiving in return simply his board and lodging. At the expiration of his apprenticeship he was seventeen years old; and for a period of about four years he wandered from one place to another, spending a short time in Glasgow, and supporting himself on the scanty wages of a journeyman baker. In the mean time his father removed to Thurso, and an opportunity offering for the opening of a bake-shop in the village, ROBERT was sent for. In the summer of 1830 he set up in business for himself in a shop nearly opposite his father's house, and from that time until his death in December, 1866, he never journeyed more than a few miles from his home. He lived as a bachelor; and when his parents removed from Thurso, a faithful woman was found who kept house for him, and by her affectionate service prevented him from leading an altogether lonely and comfortless life.

These are the main facts of ROBERT DICK's eventless existence; but in the hands of MR. SMILES they are invested with a pathetic interest, for in the humble baker of Thurso we see one of the most accomplished naturalists of our century. That which was a sealed volume to the comprehension of the dull Scottish folk among whom he lived is a delightful study to lovers of what is rare and admirable in mankind. Here we have interwoven with and lighting up the record of a prosaic and monotonous existence accounts of the eager fancies of the boy, the profound and practical investigations of the man, and the accurate though humbly advanced conclusions of the sage. In following the mental growth of so remarkable a character we miss nothing of the brilliant episodes that count for so much in ordinary biography.

DUNNET HEAD: WEST FRONT, NEAR THE LIGHT-HOUSE.

ROBERT DICK's natural endowment of genius began to assert itself in his extreme youth. Even while yet a boy under his father's roof he spent hours of the day and night in making his first childish acquaintance with the mysteries of nature that

THURSO HARBOR: THE OLD CHURCH.

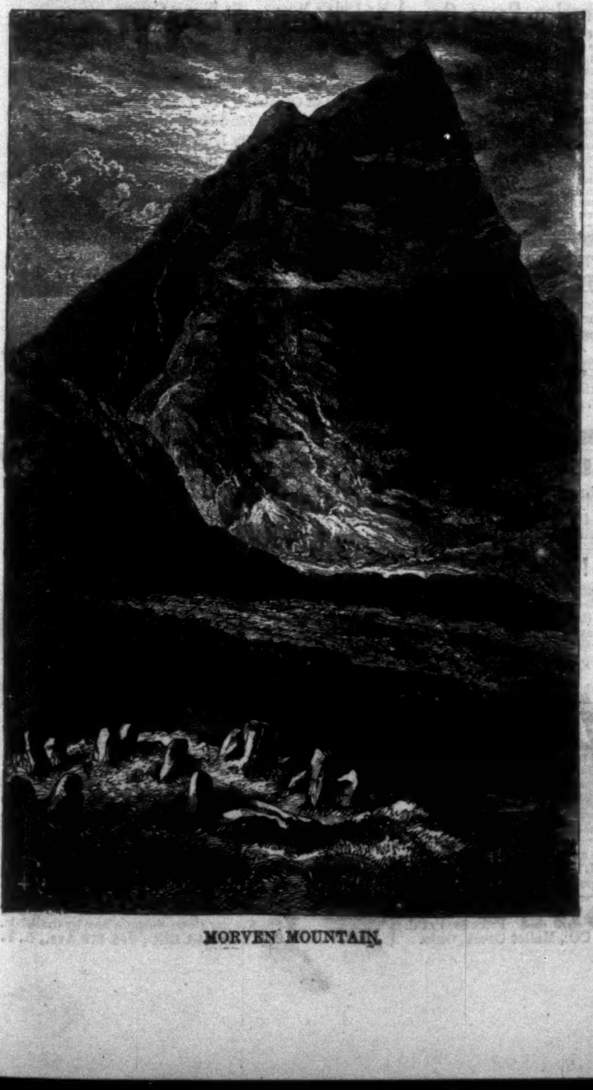
he was to spend his life investigating. The other children were glad to remain within range of the genial warmth from the kitchen stove, but ROBERT staid out rather than remain indoors. He wandered about among the hills. He wore out his shoes. To prevent him going out, his step-mother hid them. Still ROBERT climbed the hills, and came home with bleeding feet. He was punished for his misdoings, and commanded to stay at home. This did not hinder him from going out again. He would wander along the Devon looking for birds' nests. This was as bad as climbing the Ochils, and he was again thrashed with a stick.

Later on, these wanderings of DICK's, which proved such a source of annoyance to his step-mother, became also a sore puzzle to his neighbors, and finally even the minister of the kirk took the matter in hand. The villagers thought the man was "daft," marching over the hills in search of weeds and stones and bugs, for all three departments of natural science—flowers, fossils, and insects—claimed attention from DICK; but the preacher understood the matter more clearly, and so one Sunday in the kirk a terrible sermon was preached upon the awful crime of Sabbath-breaking, upon going about on the Sabbath day, and wandering in pursuit of "science, falsely so called." Nothing daunted by such criticism as this, DICK, devout and humble Christian though he was, turned his back upon the kirk, and continued his Sunday wanderings, content thereafter to say his prayers at home, trusting fully in the mercy of the God whose handiwork was nature rather than in the strictures of Scottish creeds.

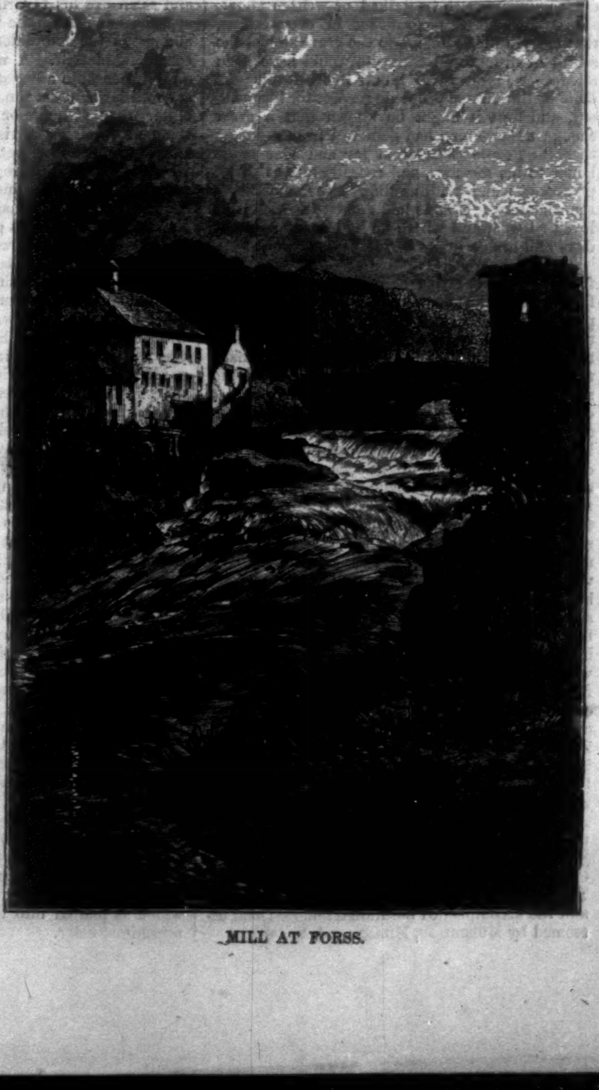
But though DICK was denied the appreciation of his neighbors, he had it in plenty from the great scientific minds with which he finally came in contact, though why it never took the shape of practical assistance in his necessities is very difficult to understand. Sir ROBERT MURCHISON, at a meeting of the British Association, says of DICK: "In pursuing my researches in the Highlands, and going beyond Sutherland into Caithness, it was my gratification a second time to meet with a remarkable man in the town of Thurso, named ROBERT DICK, a baker by trade. I am proud to call him my distinguished friend. When I went to see him, he spread out before me a map of Caithness, and pointed out its imperfections. Mr. DICK had travelled over the whole county in his leisure hours, and was thoroughly acquainted with its features. He delineated to me, by means of some flour which he spread out on his baking board, not only its geographical features, but certain geological phenomena which he desired to impress upon my attention. Here is a man who is earning his daily bread by his hard work, who is obliged to read and study by night, and yet who is able to instruct the director-general of the Geographical Society."

Again, DICK enjoyed for many years the friendship of the great HUGH MILLER, and rendered him valuable assistance in supplying him with strange fossils discovered among the rocks of Caithness; and at one time MILLER visited the poor baker, sleeping in his humble bed. No part of MR. SMILES's volume is more interesting than this record of the relations between the greatest of English geologists and his humble friend at Thurso. The one had had all the advantages of a thorough education, of travel, and of contact with the best scientific minds in the world; the other had read but a few books, procured from the earnings of a business that never was prosperous, and during the latter part of his life declined almost to nothing, yet the intercourse between them was of the most cordial and equal character. MR. SMILES tells us that DICK never feared to correct his eminent co-laborer, and that HUGH MILLER corresponded regularly with him during the preparation of his later works on geology. He sent him the proof-sheets of his forth-coming books for the purpose of having DICK's corrections. Even as regards the *Old Red Sandstone*—MILLER's first geological work—DICK furnished him with many additions and corrections.

One of the saddest portions of MR. SMILES's narrative is that which relates to the sale of his fossils by DICK, owing to a calamity which occurred to the *Prince Consort*, a vessel wrecked at



MORVEN MOUNTAIN.



MILL AT FORSS.

Aberdeen, and having on board flour belonging to him, the value of which was £45 and some shillings. It was uninsured, and Dick was beggared. He could not replace the flour without borrowing money, and in order to pay this he must negotiate for the sale of his fossils. A gentleman named Mr. John Miller finally agreed to purchase them, and, knowing Dick's necessities, sent him an order on the National Bank for £46. The letter written by Dick in reply contains a few sentences which may give some clew to the reason why he continued throughout his life to suffer such dire poverty. In Great Britain, as perhaps elsewhere throughout the world, advancement comes mostly through the patronage of those in high places. Apparently it was difficult for our humble naturalist to accept favors from any one, though he was always ready to render them to the best of his poor ability, and, as in the case of his specimens and fossils, frequently robbed himself to serve others. To Mr. Miller he writes: "I thank you most sincerely. I have to-day received a note from Sir Roderick Murchison. He will take the fossils; but I have settled it in my mind to give them to you. I am afraid that I grieved you by refusing your gift, but I could not, poor as I am, take so much money for nothing. I will give all my fossils to you—every one of them—shells of the bowlder clay and all. There are two or three which Hugh Miller gave me, and these I will add to my own collection of fossils. I will also give you all those which I had got for Professor Thomson, and my blessing along with them. Of course £46 is too much for them; but the fossils are worth—what they are worth; and I must just be contented to stand indebted to your friendship for the rest. I will label on the fossils the localities in which they were found, and also pack them carefully."

The close of Dick's life was exceedingly miserable. He became a victim to rheumatism, and he could no longer enjoy his delightful wanderings along the banks of the Thurso River, under the shadow of Morven, or amid the rocks at Donnet Head. Still he could not finally give up the old habits, and whenever he was sufficiently free from pain he would wander out again. One day he made his way to the quarry where he had secured so many valuable fossils; but hardly had he arrived there when he became so ill with pain and dizziness that he was scarcely able to return to his home. This was the beginning of the end. He was attacked by a painful disorder which caused great swelling of the limbs, and after weeks of intense suffering he passed away from earth. Not until the last moments of his life did the villagers awaken to the character and importance of the man who had lived so humbly and patiently among them. Four months elapsed between the time when he was struck by death in the quarry and the day of his death. His customers saw him growing feebler and feebler, panting for breath, and yet continuing at his daily work. It was only during the last fortnight of his life that he finally dropped from their sight. Then they heard of his intense sufferings, and of the unwearied resignation and indomitable fortitude with which he bore them. The sympathy which his illness excited was almost intense. The Thurso people felt that a great though comparatively unknown man was about to pass away. At his death there was an almost universal thrill of regret felt throughout the town. At last he was appreciated. His biographer says:

"Of all the things that Robert Dick could have desired, the very last would have been a public funeral. He was so modest in all that he did, so unwilling to be talked or written about, so retired and self-sacrificing in every thing, that carrying his remains to the grave amidst the sound of drums and trumpets would have been altogether revolting to him. But all this was done by the Thurso people in respect for his memory, and that it might be known that a great though modest man had gone out from amongst them." People came from far and near to do honor to his memory, and representatives of all professions and trades followed his remains to the cemetery. He was laid amidst the scenes he loved so well, and where he had spent so many days and nights in patient and useful work.

In rescuing a life like that of Robert Dick from the comparative oblivion in which it had fallen, Mr. Smiles has done a great service to the public. Examples can not be too frequently multiplied of men and women who, without adventitious aid, have through their own exertions made themselves honored and respected by achieving success in some worthy pursuit. A life like that of the humble baker of Thurso teaches a thousand excellent lessons. Modest and unassuming, he was content to earn his bread by hours of drudgery, provided he might secure sufficient leisure to make himself acquainted with a few of the simplest secrets of nature. Knowledge was the boon he desired, not place, or power, or a name among men. During his life the little notice that he received embarrassed him, and he would have fled from the admiration of the crowd, but now that he has gone beyond the reach of all suffering, no more fitting memorial of him could be devised than this volume of Mr. Smiles, wherein his story is told as a bright example to those who fancy that either poverty or toil debars them from the pleasures to be derived from the pursuit of knowledge. The moderate size of the volume and the price at which it is sold will place it within the reach of all classes of readers. The frontispiece is a portrait of Dick, and the pages abound in illustrations of the places where his life was spent and the scenery among which he wandered. Author and artists combined have done their uttermost to supply every necessary detail for a just and thorough comprehension of the life and character of Robert Dick, the humble baker of Thurso, despised and ridiculed by all around him, and the accomplished naturalist, honored and esteemed by Murchison, Miller, and Agassiz.

ICE-YACHTING.

This exhilarating winter sport requires long and wide stretches of ice entirely free from snow and as smooth as glass. Then, with a well-managed yacht and a good wind, one may glide over the course at a speed that leaves the fastest express train behind. Nothing can be imagined more delightful; it is the very poetry of motion. But those who wish to enjoy it must wrap themselves up with as much care as an arctic explorer uses when out on a sledging party toward the north pole. An Esquimau suit of seal-skin would hardly be too warm, so penetrating is the wintry air as the yacht skims over the ice. A story is told of a young gentleman who once started on an ice cruise from Poughkeepsie to New Hamburg. Although warned of the risk, he persisted in wearing a high silk hat and kid gloves, asserting that he never knew what it was to be cold. By the time half the distance was made he offered a small fortune if his companions would let him get out and run; but knowing that this would be certain death, they refused. He reached New Hamburg more dead than alive, and was restored only by copious applications of hot brandy, externally and internally.

Years ago ice yachts were built in the form of an equilateral triangle, with three runners at the angles, the base being the bow. They were hard to keep under control, and the form was abandoned for the one in present use. The hull, as may be seen by our sketch on page 89, is a mere skeleton, consisting of two side timbers, a keelson, and a cross piece triangular in shape, the base much shorter than the sides. On each side of the base the runner plank projects several feet. On this are the side runners, and at the stern is the runner by which the craft is steered. The cock-pit, two or three inches deep, holds two or three persons at the most. When not racing, several more can be accommodated forward on the runner plank. Hull, spars, and canvas have to be made of the best material. The standing rigging is of the best charcoal wire, bowsprit shrouds Bessemer steel, and canvas extra heavy. The sails have a low hoist, and the gaff of the mainsail is much shorter than on a water yacht. Top-sails are not used. The runners are of wood sharp shod with steel, the forward ones being the longest. This general description applies to most of the ice yachts in use at present. Ice-yachting is growing in favor, and the present season will doubtless witness many spirited contests on the Hudson.

CHINESE CUSTOMS.

In China the left hand is the seat of honor, and a Chinese guest in a European's house may often be observed to be uneasy at finding himself, as he imagines, slighted by being placed on the right hand of his host. They are painfully scrupulous about this matter of seating hosts and guests. To a European it is most irksome to have to go through the pantomime of bows and grimaces which always precedes the disposition of guests and host in a Chinese reception-room, and it not unfrequently ends in the impetuous Aryan's assuming the seat closest to hand, irrespective of all ceremonial rules, whilst the Turanian sits down in despair and disgust at having to entertain such a hopeless savage. Then, in the matter of costume, a Chinaman, as is well known, is notable for the length and capacity of his skirts, whilst his wife and daughters wear—and not unfrequently display—the breeches. Silk and satin are his favorite materials for clothes, and the handsomer the pattern, and more heavy and showy the embroidery, the better dressed he considers himself. A necklace of beads forms an indispensable adjunct to the full dress of every mandarin, and a fan is rarely out of his hand either when at home or abroad. On entering a room or receiving a visitor, a Chinaman's first care is to put on his hat, not to take it off; and where a friend in Europe might say, "Keep on your hat, pray," in China the entreaty would be, "Oblige me by dispensing with your hat." In Europe a host begs his guest to take a seat, and suits the action to the word by sitting down himself. In China it would be regarded as the height of rudeness to sit down before every guest is well seated. In Europe friends grasp each other by the hand by way of greeting, whereas a Chinese clasps his own hands together and shakes them *at* his visitor. In the matter of visiting-cards the same eccentricity of purpose is observable. A Chinaman uses a small card only when on familiar terms with the person visited, and then it is from five to six times larger than what Europeans are in the habit of employing. When a little more ceremony is requisite, the card is trebled in size; and on very formal occasions it grows into a perfect pamphlet of several sheets, which, by-the-way, it is considered correct to return to the guest. At banquets or formal dinners the guest brings his card of invitation with him (also a many-leaved pamphlet), and restores it, with a solemn bow, to the host before assuming his seat at the table. Scarlet is the usual color for all visiting-cards, save during mourning, when purple or lavender-gray paper is used according to the extent of the loss deplored; but the entire card is colored—not, as with us, the edge alone. Here we are reminded of another instance of the antagonism of Chinese and Western ideas, plain white being regarded as the color *de rigueur* for mourning costume, not black. A man mourning for his parent or grandparent, or a woman lamenting the loss of her husband—in both of which cases the code prescribes the deepest mourning—is expected to be clad in white from head to foot; and custom demands that the hat, boots, fan, and every thing about the person, even down to the end of silk cord which is plaited into the queue, shall be of the prescribed color.

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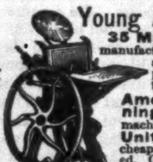
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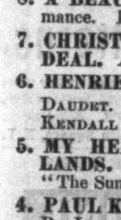

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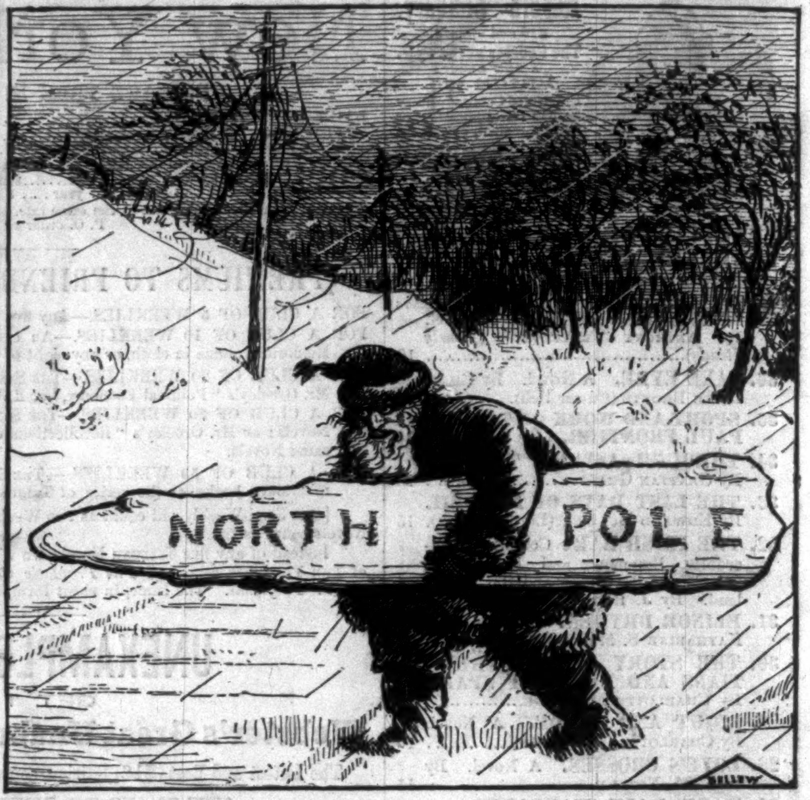

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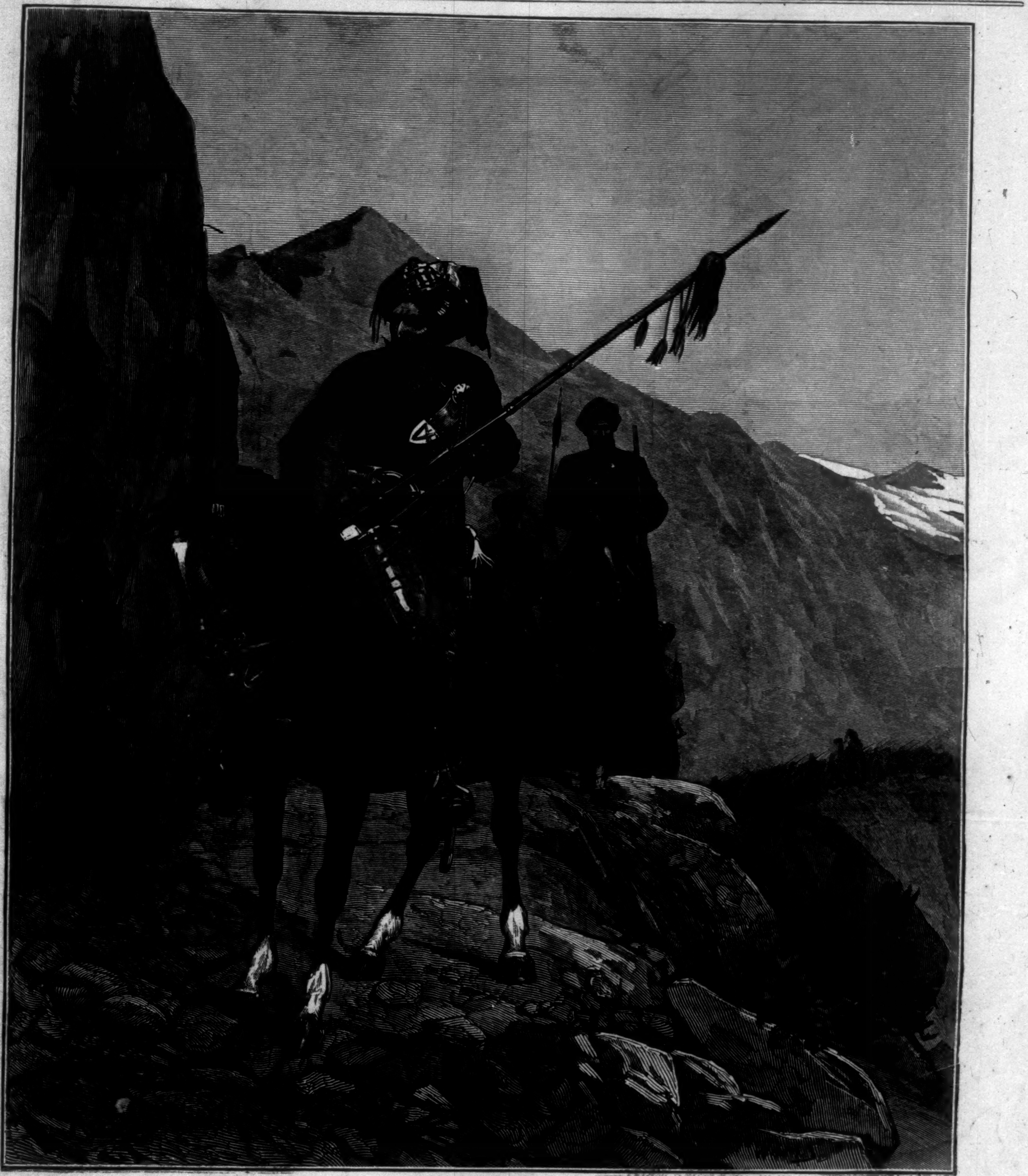


RECONNOITRING.

KILLING A "MAN-EATER."

OF all the grand and exciting field-sports of the East there is none, it is said, which equals a tiger-hunt. The lion is called by ÆSOP the "king of beasts," but ÆSOP was an African. In the Indian jungle the tiger is king, and so great is his power that in certain localities whole villages yield submission to his royal rule. The story is told of a certain place where the people were terribly troubled by a tiger; so they sent for the "barabhar" (the wise man) to charm the beast away with his drum and songs. The tiger, however, came out and ate the wise man, whereupon the villagers arose and migrated. "For," said they, "now that the tiger has eaten our sage, he will know all our secrets, and we shall have no chance of evading him."

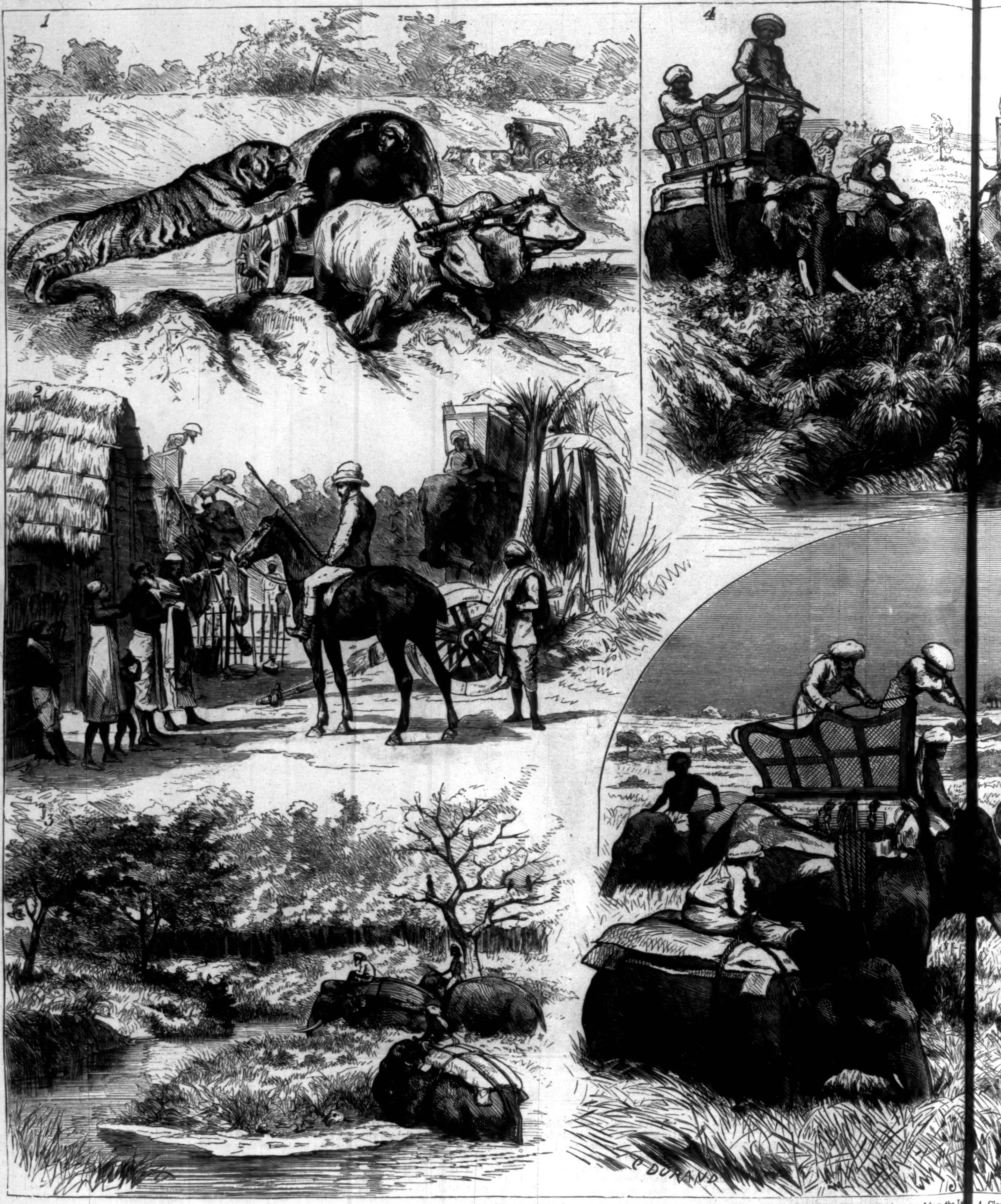
Major LEVISON, the "Old Shekarry," ventures the opinion that there is only one variety of tiger. All the slight variations in appearance may be accounted for, he maintains, by the peculiar habits of the animal, which vary according to the locality and the nature of the country he ranges over. In many parts of India the natives recognize three kinds of tigers, which they distinguish, according to their habits and range, by the following names: first, the *lodia bagh*, or game-killing tiger; secondly, the *oontia bagh*, which lives chiefly upon domestic cattle; and thirdly, the *admee khane wallah*, or man-eater, the latter fortunately not being often met with.

It is, however, with the hunting and final slaughter of one of these ferocious "man-eaters" that our sketches have to do, and we are indebted to the artist for the several hints that enable us to understand more clearly the thrilling scenes he has depicted so admirably with his pencil. The tiger in question had for a long time made his lair near a village at a point where a road crossed a stream. By way of this road the villagers were forced to drive their great bullock wagons, and many a native had fallen a victim to the ferocious beast, when the news arrived that an English hunting party had pitched their tents in the neighborhood. Application was at once made to the "sahibs" to rid the country of the scourge which threatened to depopulate the peaceful village. To this appeal the hunters responded readily, and an expedition was at once organized against the terrible man-eater. It was not without great effort that he was finally driven from his ambush in the thick grasses which line the banks of Indian streams, and when finally brought to bay a terrible battle took place before he could be conquered. When at last the carcass lay stark and stiff before the eyes of the delighted villagers, crowds gathered from all quarters to congratulate the hunters on their wonderful achievement, which had brought deliverance to the inhabitants of the country around.

There are se eral different methods of hunting the tiger; bıt undoubtedly the safest and most enjoyable is that depicted in our sketches, where the savage beasts are tracked through the jungle by trained elephants, and shot by sportsmen comfortably ensconced in "howdahs" on the backs of the latter animals. An English writer, in giving his opinion on tiger-hunting in certain parts of India, says: "One is told that it is much nobler to descend into the jungle on foot, and to seek the tiger in his lair; but gentlemen who pursue this sport are generally destroyed. Certainly, whether safe or not, it would be impossible to pursue this sport here, for no living man could walk a hundred yards through the astonishing growth of reeds and tangled vegetation." In the latter case elephants are almost a necessity; for even though the grass is not unusually high, the largest gangs of beaters will sometimes find it impossible to drive the tiger out. It also frequently happens that the beater will not be able to see more than a few yards through the undergrowth, while at every step he is seen and heard by his suspicious antagonist, which can travel round and take him in the rear without a sound betraying his cat-like movements.

A thoroughly trained and steady "shekar elephant" is invaluable to a sportsman, but unbroken or timid ones are worse than useless, as in the event of a wounded tiger charging they become ungovernable, and the riders run great risk of being bruised or killed by the overhanging branches of trees. A well-broken shekar elephant will beat for his game like a pointer, making his way noiselessly through the brush-wood, searching the densest thickets foot by foot, and at the command of his "mahout" (driver) throwing stones into the water-courses, where the tigers are likely to conceal themselves. When the tiger is "afoot," the sagacious animal stands ready at the word of command, so as to allow his rider to shoot, and should the prey be wounded and charge, he will stand his ground with the most unflinching courage, as if trusting in the sportsman's coolness and accuracy of aim. Sometimes, however, they display overeagerness in seeking to kill the tiger themselves by trampling him under foot, and in such case the rider is liable to be pitched out of the howdah in the struggle.

With respect to the best kind of howdah there are various opinions. They are made of as many



1. The Man-Eater attacks a Bullock Driver. 2. Preparing to track the Man-Eater. 3. Approaching the L 4. Clo

TIGER-SHOOTING IN LOWE BENG

shapes and sizes as the buggies on the Calcutta esplanade, and are as nondescript in appearance. On each corner of the front part of a howdah a perfectly secured gun rack should be constructed, and it is a good plan to have a block of wood some three or four inches in thickness screwed on to the floor, having holes cut in it the shape of the butt and heel of the gunstock. These should be stuffed and padded with leather, to prevent the possibility of accidents happening from the guns shifting with the jolting motion of the elephant. Some sportsmen take large-bore pistols with them, in case of the tiger charging the elephant and coming to close quarters with the occupants of the howdah. But to be effective the muzzle must be placed close to the tiger's head, and care must be taken not to hit the mahout, who is far more exposed to the brunt of the attack than the riders in the howdah.

Insignificant as the mahout may look, straddling the elephant's neck, and dancing from side to side at every stride of the animal, he has by far the most difficult and arduous part to play in the hunt, and he ought to be a man of tried courage and *sang-froid*. In the first place, he is at no great distance from the ground, the top of his head being much lower than the howdah, while his feet hang down nearly to the ends of the elephant's ears. Again, he is unarmed, except with his iron crook, and unless he has perfect confidence in the skill of his master as a marksman, he is not likely to bring his elephant up properly when in momentary expectation of the charge of a furious tiger, which is as likely as not to spring and hang on to the elephant's head. As the "Old Shekarry" says, "The elephant, like the horse, soon finds out what his rider is made of; and however stanch and well trained the animal may be, he can not be expected to be steady and go ahead when the mahout is trembling and in a state of 'green funk.'" There can be no doubt that many an elephant becomes terrified and tries to escape by flight when he might be made to face the enemy valorously by a thoroughly determined mahout. As a general thing, when an elephant has seen a few tigers killed, without any accident happening to himself, he becomes perfectly fearless when in their neighborhood, and even seems to enjoy the sport. Captain Forsyth, a hunter of much experience in tiger-shooting from the howdah, writes as follows on the sagacity and stanch courage of a perfectly trained elephant:

"A strange affection springs up between the hunter and his well-tried ally in the chase of the tiger; and a creature seeming to those who see him only in the menagerie, or laboring under a load of baggage, but a lumbering mass of flesh, becomes to him almost a second self, yielding to his service the perfection of physical and mental qualities of which a brute is capable, and displaying an intelligent interest in his sport of which no brute could be thought to be possessed. No one who has not witnessed it would believe the astonishing caution with which a well-trained el-

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less adroitness ry obs
etc., and pass his hu
leaves, or rolli stones,
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stones, when or ed, for h
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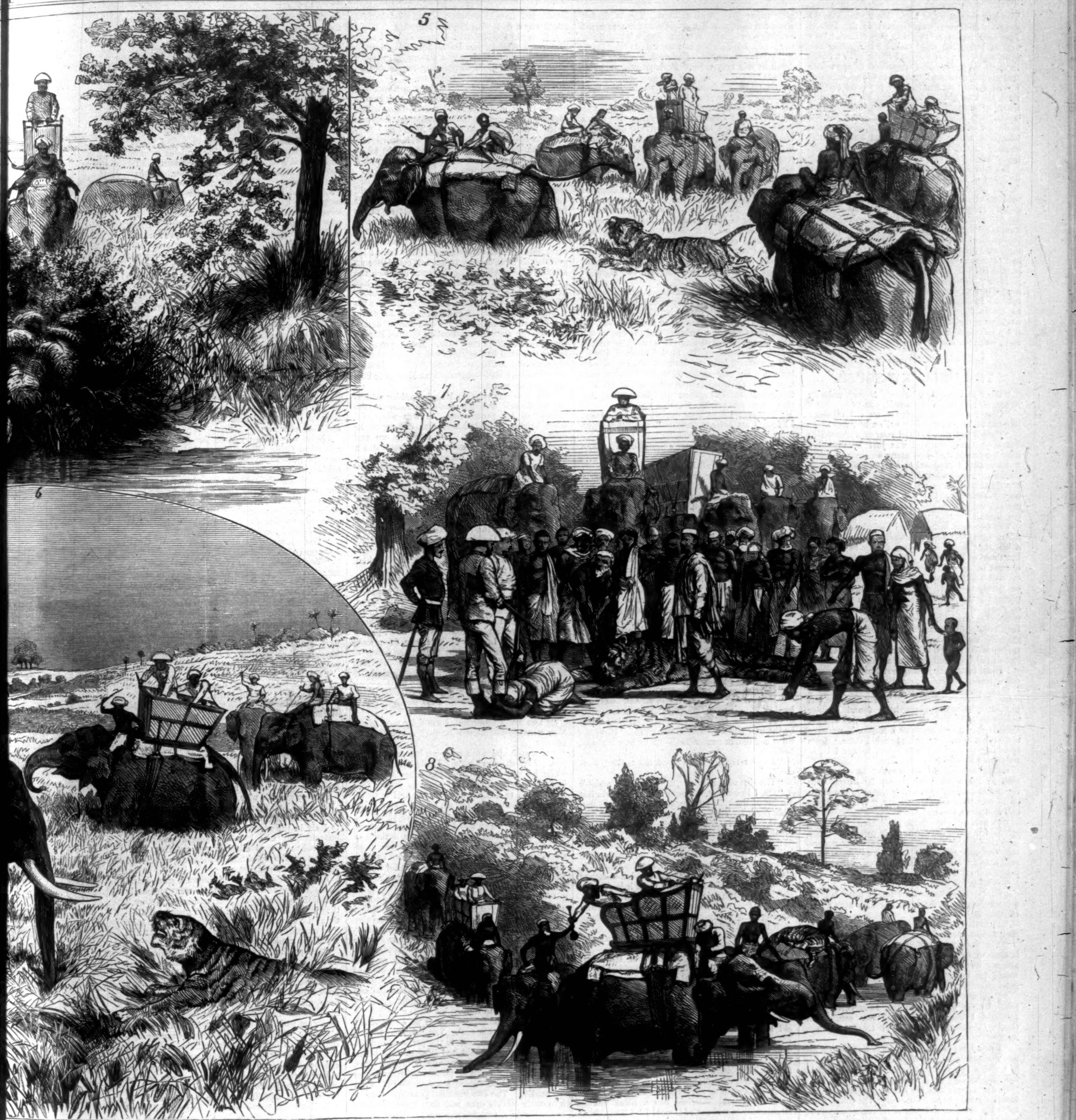

L... 4. Closing In. 5. The Man-Eater makes a Charge. 6. Game to the Last. 7. The dead Enemy. 8. The Return Home.

...BENGAL—KILLING A "MAN-EATER."

... a tiger, removing with noise-
...ry obstacle of fallen timber,
... his huge bulk over rustling
...stones, or quaking bogs with
...arvellous silence; handing up
...ed, for his master to fling into
... out a cold scent as a spaniel
... and at last, perhaps, pointing
... trunk at the hidden monster,
...ort nervous taps of that organ
... he is somewhere near, though
...ered to the senses of the ele-
...unswerving steadiness when he
... naturally dreads, and would
...icken in his native haunts, per-
...dlong at his head, trusting all to the skill of his rider, and thoughtless of using his own tremendous strength in the encounter—for a good elephant never attempts to combat the tiger himself. To do so would generally be fatal to the sport, and to the sportsman too, for no one could stick to an elephant engaged in a personal struggle with a tiger, far less use his gun under such circumstances. The elephant's business is to stand like a rock in every event, even when the tiger is fastened on his head—as many a good one will do and has done."

There are numerous stories related of tiger-hunts, but one of the most recent and interesting accounts is that given by Mr. RUSSELL of the first occasion on which the royal beast of India was hunted by the royal representative of the British lion. In a delightful volume describing the visit made by the Prince of Wales to India in 1875 this author writes: "The Prince has just returned, having killed his first tiger in Nepaul. He is now lying stretched within a few yards of my tent, and a lamb might play with him, for there are in his body three wounds any one of which would have been mortal; his eye, which I saw glaring with fire some minutes ago, is dull; his claws, once tremendous, retracted in harmless sheaths. What number of elephants and men were engaged in compassing his death I am not prepared to state; but I know that any one of them, brute or man, would have been sorry to have had a private interview with that mass of striped skin and inert muscle about twelve o'clock to-day. This tiger had been marked down close to camp, and it was resolved by the authorities that the Prince's first day in Nepaul should not be a blank. Elephants were moored to blockade him, and men were stationed to keep up fires at night, so that he could not break through, according to tiger nature. The yells of the jemadars—'Roko!' (halt), 'Chelo!' (go on), 'Bāine-ko!' (to the left), 'Dahine-ko!' (to the right)—the blows of the hirens, the shouts of mahouts, the crashing of branches above and saplings below, made the forest ring. As the great coil, each link of which was an elephant, moved on, a herd of deer, a confused mass of antlers and dappled skins, halted, like cavalry brought up midway in a furious charge. Then, taking counsel of despair, headed by a timid dame, they charged the elephants, which actually screamed with terror and turned tail as the cheetah leaped over them. In another minute a tiger appeared, moving in an easy canter across our front, at a distance of some fifteen or twenty yards. He was growling as he ran. He seemed minded to go at the elephants, but he changed his intention of a sudden, and thought it best to consider the situation in the seclusion of a small natural shrubbery. Into this he dropped, and was lost to view. The elephants closed in round the spot. The Prince and Sir JUNG appeared. The tiger, after two or three growls—the bellow of an angry bull and the snarl of a dog combined—leaped through the brush-wood. The Prince fired. One! two!